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AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY

XII.

STRAITS OF BAB-EL-MANDEB.

Friday, April 6th.—Our visit to Ceylon has been so delightful that I wish it could have been prolonged for a month, instead of lasting only a week; but in that case I should have preferred to select a cooler season of the year, when travelling is more practicable.

Saturday, April 7th.—It was very hot all day, with hardly a breath of air, and we have all returned to our former light and airy costumes: the gentlemen to their shirts and trousers, the children to their pinafores and nothing else, and I to my beloved Tahitian dresses. Before we left England we could not make ourselves believe what we were told about heat in the tropics;

so we started with very few windsails and without any punkahs or double awnings. It was all very well in the Atlantic or Pacific, but between Hongkong and Singapore the state of things became simply unbearable. The carpenter has rigged up a punkah, and the men have improvised some double awnings. At Colombo they made some windsails, so we are now better off than on our last hot voyage.

Sunday, April 8th.—We had service in the saloon at eleven o'clock and at four, and though there was an unusually full attendance it was cool and pleasant even without the punkah. The two Chinese servants we shipped at Hongkong are a great success, as everyone on board agrees. Even the old sailing master is obliged to confess that the two "heathen Chinee" keep the mess rooms, ship's officers' and servants' berths much cleaner and more comfortable than his own sailors ever succeeded in doing. At Galle we shipped three black firemen. I do not suppose our own men could have stood the fearful heat below in the engine-room for many days together, so it was fortunate we met with these amiable salamanders.

Monday, April 9th.—At all the places we have recently visited we have found excellent ice-making machines, and have been able to get a sufficient supply to last us from port to port, which has been a great comfort. The machine at Colombo unfortunately broke down the day before we left, so that in the very hottest part of our voyage we have had to do without our accustomed luxury; and very much we miss it, not only for cooling our drinks, but for keeping provisions, etc. As it is, a sheep killed overnight is not good for dinner next day; butter is just like oil, and to-day in opening a drawer my fingers touched a sticky mess; I looked and discovered six sticks of sealing wax running slowly about in a state resembling treacle.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Hotter than ever. About sunset we passed through a shoal of flying-fish; the night was intensely hot, and everybody slept on deck.

Friday, April 13th.—All the afternoon a large steamer had been gradually gaining on us. We exchanged signals and made out that she was the *Calypso*, of Glasgow. About half-past five she altered her course and came alongside to speak us. The fore-deck was crowded with the crew. On the bridge were many of the officers. The stern was crowed with passengers, of every

shade of colour. To our surprise a voice from among them shouted out "Three cheers for Mr. Brassey!" which was responded to by ringing shouts from all on board, and taken up again by some of our own men. It was a very pleasant and unexpected greeting to hear in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

Sunday, April 15th.—Still intensely hot. The usual services were held on deck at eleven and four o'clock. In the afternoon we could make out the rock of Aden, and at sunset it stood grandly forth, looming in purple darkness against the crimson and blood-red sky, which gradually faded to tenderest tints of yellow and green, before it finally blazed forth into a radiant afterglow. At half-past eight a gun from the fort at Aden summoned us to show our colours, or rather lights. At nine o'clock we dropped our anchor in the roads; a boat came off with a bag of newspapers and to ask for orders in the morning. It was sent by the great Parsee merchants here, who undertake to supply us with coals, provisions, water, and everything we want, and spare us all trouble.

Soumali Indian, Aden.

Monday, April 16th.—At 1.30 a.m. I heard the signal gun fired, and shortly afterwards a great splash of boats and oars, and a vast chattering and shouting of tongues, announced the arrival of a P. and O. steamer. She dropped her anchor just outside us, so we had the benefit of the noise all night. I got up at daylight and found the pilot just coming off. He took us to a buoy, a little closer in, and soon the business of coaling and watering commenced.

We reached the shore about 7.30, and, landing at the pier, had our first near view of the natives, who are most curious-looking creatures. They have very dark complexions, and long woolly hair, setting out like a mop all round, and generally dyed bright red, or yellow by the application of lime. Mr. Cowajee had sent his own private carriage to meet us. It was a comfortable open

barouche, with a pair of nice horses, and two servants in Eastern liveries, green vests and full trousers, and red and orange turbans. We went first to his store, which seemed to be an emporium for every conceivable article. There was carved sandal-wood, and embroidered shawls from China, Surat, and Gujerat, work from India, English medicines, French lamps, Swiss clocks, German toys, Russian caviare, Greek lace, Havannah cigars, American hides and canned fruits, besides many other things.

We went on to the Hôtel de l'Europe. The view over the bay is very pretty, and the scene on shore thoroughly Arabian, with the donkeys and camels patiently carrying their heavy loads, guided by the true Bedaween of the desert, and people of all tinges of complexion, from jet black to pale copper colour. A pair of tame ostriches, at least seven feet high, were strolling about the roadway, and a gazelle, some monkeys, parrots, and birds lived happily together beneath a broad verandah. After a little while we went for a drive to see the camp and town of Aden, which is four or five miles from the Point, where everybody lands. On the way we met trains of heavily laden camels bringing in wood, water, grain, and fodder, for garrison consumption, and coffee and spices for exportation. After driving for about four miles we reached a gallery pierced through the rock, which admits you into the precincts of the fort. The entrance is very narrow, the sides precipitous, and the place apparently impregnable.

We are all agreeably disappointed with Aden, and find that it is by no means the oven we expected; it is prettier too than I thought, the mountains and rocks are so peaked and pointed, and although the general effect is one of barrenness, still, if you look closely, every crack and crevice is full of something green. The soil, being of volcanic origin, is readily fertilized by moisture, and at once produces some kind of vegetation. This adds of course greatly to the effect of colour, which in the rocks themselves is extremely beautiful, especially at sunrise and sunset. The sea, too, is delightfully blue on one side of the peninsula, and pale green on the other, according to the wind, and the white surf curls and breaks on the sandy shore beyond the crisp waves.

After afternoon tea we all adjourned to the *Sunbeam*, where we found many friends already arrived and arriving. We had only just time to look around before the sun set, and the

short twilight was succeeded by the swift tropical darkness. All too soon good-bye had to be said; the anchor was raised, and we were actually drifting slowly along under our head canvas before our friends took their departure. It was a lovely evening, with a light fair breeze, and although there appeared hardly any wind, it was wonderful how swiftly we crept out of the harbour, and, as sail after sail was spread, how rapidly we glided past the land.

Tuesday, April 17th.—About eleven o'clock we passed the island of Perim, a most desolate-looking place. To pass it we sailed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, or "Gate of Tears," thus called on account of the numerous wrecks which took place there in former years. Once through the straits we were fairly in the Red Sea. The colour of the Red Sea is certainly the bluest of ultramarines. In the afternoon the town of Mocha Yamen, celebrated alike for its breed of Arab horses and its coffee, was visible from the masthead. It is a large white town, full of cupolas and minarets, surrounded with green as far as irrigation extends, and looking like a pearl set in emeralds on the margin of the deep blue sea against a background of red and yellow sand-mountains.

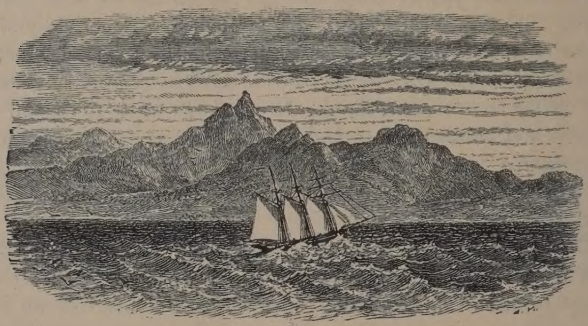
Thursday, April 19th.—We passed Suakim to-day, the port of Nubia. It is about 275 miles, or 25 days' camel-journey, from thence to Berber on the Nile. The heat is intense, and we all sleep on deck at night; the sunrises and the sunsets are magnificent.

Saturday, April 21st.—Hotter and still hotter every day, says the thermometer, and so we say also. This being Muriel's fifth birthday, Mabelle and the doctor and the men have been arranging a surprise for her all day, and none of us were allowed to go on the port side of the deck, but after dinner we were taken to a hastily fitted up stage, very prettily decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns. On a throne covered with the Union Jack, Muriel was seated, the two pugs being on footstools on either side of her to represent lions *couchant*. Some of the men had blackened their faces, and gave us a really very excellent Christy Minstrel entertainment, in which undreamed of talent came to light.

Sunday, April, 22nd.—Still too hot for service in the saloon, and it was therefore held on deck. While we were at lunch, the

breeze freshened so much that we were all glad to add some wraps to our light and airy costumes. A little later a summer gale was blowing ahead. The gale freshened, the screw was raised, the yacht pitched and rolled, and we were obliged to put her off her course and under sail before night fell. We all felt cold and miserable. The poor monkeys and parrots looked most wretched and unhappy, and had to be packed away as speedily as possible. Nine monkeys in an empty wine case seemed very happy and cuddled together for warmth.

Monday, April 23rd.—The gale blew as hard as ever, and quite as dead ahead. There are many coral reefs and sunken rocks, and on whichever side you may happen to be wrecked the



Beating up the Red Sea.

natives are ready to rob, ill-treat, and kill you, or sell you as slaves in the interior.

Tuesday, April 24th.—All yesterday and to-day we have been making flannel coats for the monkeys and covers for birdcages, and improvising shelters and snug corners for our pets.

Wednesday, April 25th.—We could not see Mount Sinai on account of the mist, but made out the place where the Israelites are said to have crossed the Red Sea, and by four o'clock the town of Suez lay right ahead. Nothing is to be seen save mountain peaks, rocks, stones and sand. But even this barren scene has a special beauty of its own, particularly at sunrise and sunset. The shapes of mountain and rock are alike striking, the sharp shadows are lovely, and the contrast of reds, yellows, and browns, with the bright blue sea and crisp white waves, is very beautiful.

This afternoon, as we were steaming up towards Suez, I had a chat with Mahomet, one of our Indian firemen, who was fringing a piece of muslin for a turban. I asked him if it was English. "No, Missy; no English—Switzerland; English no good; all gum and sticky stuff; make fingers dirty; all wash out; leave nothing." In the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, and in the Malay Peninsula, the natives make the same complaints as to the Manchester cottons. It will be a bad day when the confidence in England's honesty as a nation throughout the world, and consequently her well-earned supremacy in commerce, have passed away.

After four o'clock we came near two steamers lying at anchor, and were shortly afterwards boarded by the captain of the port, the health officer, and sundry other functionaries. After a short delay we dropped anchor, and just as the sun was setting in "purple and gold" behind the mountains of Arabia, we went ashore in the steam launch. At the office, the *Sunbeam* was entered on the Company's books, and arrangements were made with the chief pilot for to-morrow.

There is nothing to see at Suez, but still we went for a ramble to see that nothing. We cleared our boxes and our letters, and then went on, ankle deep in sand, to the one European house, the railway station, the Arab quarter and the bazaars, where it is occasionally possible to pick up rather interesting little curiosities brought by the pilgrims from Mecca and Medina.

Thursday, April 26th.—Such a sunrise as this morning's you could only see in Arabia or Egypt. There is a peculiarity about desert colouring at sunrise and sunset that can never be seen anywhere else. Before ten o'clock we were in the Canal and steaming on at regulation speed. As the sun rose the heat became intense, 96° in the shade under double awnings. So far from there being a cool breeze to temper it, a hot wind blew from the desert, like the blast from a furnace. I stood on the bridge as long as I could bear the heat, to look at the strange desert view, which could be seen to great advantage in going through at the top of high water. Sand, sand everywhere; here a train of camels, there a few Arab tents, now a whole party shifting their place of abode; a group of women washing, or a drove of buffaloes in a small tributary stream.

We passed Chaloux and reached Ismailia just at nine o'clock, not without considerable effort on the part of the pilot. A steam

launch came off from the shore, and we (children and all) landed at once; and, after a moonlight donkey ride, dined at the excellent Hôtel de Paris, kept by an old Frenchman. *Table-d'hôte* was over, but they gave us a capital little dinner by ourselves. The children and I, and some of the gentlemen, start to-morrow, overland *viâ* Cairo, to join the yacht at Alexandria, in order that they may see the Pyramids.

The traffic on the Canal has increased during the last few years, and especially during the last few months; on an average four or five ships passed through every day. To-day they took 6,000*l.* at the Suez Office alone. They have an excellent plan of the Canal there, and little models of ships, which are arranged according to the telegrams constantly received, so that the chief officers at each end of the Canal know exactly where every ship is. Instant information is of course sent of any stoppage or any accident, but these occur comparatively seldom.

Friday, April 27th.—Another glorious sunrise. The *Sunbeam* was to start at eight o'clock, as soon as a large vessel had passed up from Port Said. There are only certain places in the Canal where vessels can pass one another, so one ship is always obliged to wait for another. We landed at half-past seven, and left by the eleven o'clock train for Cairo. The change in the face of the country since we were here eight years ago is something extraordinary. A vast desert of sand has been transformed into one large oasis of undulating fields of waving corn, where there used to be nothing but whirlwinds of sand. All this has been effected by irrigation. The wealth of Egypt ought greatly to increase.

At half-past six we reached Cairo, and were conveyed in a large *char-à-banc* to what was formerly Shepherd's Hotel, now partly rebuilt and much altered for the better. Even in that short drive we could see that the face of the capital of Egypt had altered as much as the country, though I am not sure that it is so greatly improved. After a refreshing dip in cool marble baths and a change of garments, we went down to the large *table-d'hôte.* Then we sat in the verandah looking on the street until we became tired of doing nothing, after which we started for a stroll in the Ezkebieh gardens close by. They are beautifully laid out for evening promenade. To-night both Arab and French bands were playing within the enclosure.

Saturday, April 28th.—We had settled to start at six o'clock

this morning to visit the Pyramids. We drove rapidly through the streets and the outskirts of the town, where old houses are being pulled down and new ones are rapidly built up. Then we crossed the Nile by a handsome iron bridge, and saw the Palace of Gezireh, where the Prince of Wales and his suite were lodged. We passed the railway extension works, and, to the great delight of the children, saw two elephants busily employed, one of which was being made to lie down to enable his mahout to dismount. Soon the little ones gave a shout of "The Pyramids!" and there before us stood those grand monuments of a nameless founder, which for centuries have stood out in the sands of the desert, while the burning African sun and the glorious African moon have risen and set on their heavenward-pointing summits for countless days and nights. Even the earth has changed her position so much since they were erected, that the pole star no longer sheds its light in a direct line through the central passages, as it did when first they were designed.

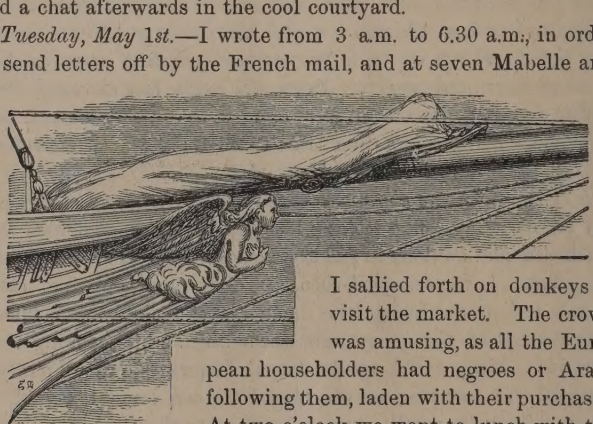
On arriving we were at once surrounded by a crowd of Arabs. They are certainly a fine looking lot of men, rather clamorous for backsheesh, and anxious to sell their curiosities, real or imitation. They were, however, good-natured, civil, and obliging, and amused me much during the hour I spent alone with them while the rest of the party were ascending and descending the Pyramids. Many could speak several languages quite fluently. While all the rest were on the top of the one large Pyramid, a man ran down from the summit and up to the top of the next smaller one (which is, however, more difficult to ascend) in "eight minutes for a franc." This feat was repeated several times by different men, but it really occupied nearer ten minutes.

We ate some bread and wine, bought a few curiosities, and then drove back to the city. We went across squares and gardens and through wide streets, for, alas! Cairo is being rapidly Haussmannised. For the capitalist or resident, Cairo may be improved, but for the traveller, the artist, the lover of the picturesque, the quaint, the beautiful, the place is ruined. Cairo as a beautiful and ancient oriental city has ceased to exist, and is being rapidly transformed into a bad imitation of modern Paris, only with bluer skies, a more brilliant sun, and a more serene climate than it is possible to find in Europe. Only a few narrow streets and old houses are still left, with carved wooden lattices, where you can yet dream that the "Arabian Nights" are true.

Sunday, April 29th.—The children and I went to the English church, a semi-Gothic building, without a single window which could open. Though the church was nearly empty, the air felt like that of an exhausted receiver, and made one gasp. Our journey to Alexandria in the evening was cool and pleasant.

Monday, April 30th.—Got up at 5 a.m. Tom arrived from the yacht in time for breakfast, and announced the voyage from Port Said to have been rough and unpleasant. We went to see Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, the dahabeas ready to go up the Nile, etc.; and returned to the hotel in time for dinner and a chat afterwards in the cool courtyard.

Tuesday, May 1st.—I wrote from 3 a.m. to 6.30 a.m., in order to send letters off by the French mail, and at seven Mabelle and



HOMEWARD BOUND.

I sallied forth on donkeys to visit the market. The crowd was amusing, as all the European householders had negroes or Arabs following them, laden with their purchases. At two o'clock we went to lunch with the Consul, and what a pleasant lunch it was, eaten in a cool, airy, and shady room. The table was one mass of the roses for which Alexandria is so famous. Everybody had wandered about the world more or less, and we laughed and chatted till it was time to go on board the yacht and receive some visitors at tea.

Wednesday, May 2nd.—Steam was up at five o'clock, the wind being still fair but light. Soon it dropped to a calm, and then went round and blew with great force exactly in the opposite direction, dead ahead. We continued scudding along through the water, but not making much progress on our course.

Saturday, May 5th.—A lull at length, and we are able to have the fires lighted and to steam on our course. All the afternoon and evening we have been steaming ten miles to the south of

Crete. Its out line was very beautiful, surrounded by the snow-capped mountains.

Sunday, May 6th.—Early in the morning the snowy mountains of Crete were still in sight. Service was held as usual at eleven, but it was too rough in the afternoon for it to be repeated.

Tuesday, May 8th.—At noon we rejoiced to think that Malta was not more than a few miles ahead. About three we closed in with the land, and, after one or two tacks, swiftly glided into the grand harbour of Valetta. We found everything looking as bright and cheerful and steep as it always does and always will do; not the least bit altered or modernized.

Wednesday, May 9th.—Malta is essentially a border-land—African by geographical configuration, European politically, and assuredly Asiatic in its language, its buildings, and in the manners and customs of the natives. We gave everybody on board a holiday, and a chance to run ashore to-day to stretch their legs after their long sea voyage. Tom went on board the *Sultan* to see the Duke of Edinburgh and his splendid ship. Whilst at breakfast I received an intimation that the Duke of Edinburgh wished to come and examine the yacht. His Royal Highness arrived soon afterwards, quite unattended, in a beautiful ten-oared barge, and paid us a long visit, inspecting the yacht minutely and looking at all the pets. He took a great interest in our voyage and courses, as well as in the numerous curiosities, knowing at once from what place each had been procured. The Duke, who had taken very nearly the same cruise himself in the *Galatea* a few years ago, inquired very kindly after his old friends at Tahiti, Hilo, Honolulu, and many orher places. The Duke is very kind to everybody here. He is much liked by his brother

Faldetta, Malta.

officers in the squadron, and both H.R.H. and the Duchess seem to have made themselves most popular here during the winter. The officers of the *Sultan*, several of whom are old friends of ours, appear to think themselves fortunate indeed in having such a commanding officer, whilst on shore his approaching departure is universally regretted.

After the Duke's departure we went ashore again, called on various friends before luncheon, and went over the palace and through the armoury. Some forty or fifty friends came on board and amused themselves looking at our curiosities and photographs until long past the dinner hour.

ARMOURY IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, VALETTA.

Tuesday, May 10th.—To-day we glided along the coast. The Mediterranean appears to be a highway after the lonely oceans and seas we have been sailing over. Within one hour this morning, we saw more ships than in the whole of our passage from Valparaiso to Tahiti and Yokohama.

Friday, May 11th.—At eight we passed Cape Bon and sailed across the mouth of the Bay of Tunis, in the centre of which is Goletta, the port of Tunis, the site of the ancient city of Carthage. Once we anchored close by that place for two or three days, and on that occasion I collected enough varieties of marble and mosaic from the old palaces to make some beautiful tables when we got home.

Wednesday, May 16th.—At 3 a.m. I was called to see the light on Europa Point, and stayed on deck to watch the day dawn and the rising of the sun. The dear old rocks of Gibraltar looked fresher and cleaner than usual, exhaling a most delicious perfume of flowers. As the sun rose, the twitterings of the birds in the Alameda sounded most homelike and delightful.

We had dropped our anchor inside the New Mole about 4.30, and before six the familiar sounds of English martial music could be heard from all the different barracks, as the regiments came marching down the hill. After breakfast we went to pay some visits. We thought we ought to go and look at the galleries and Signal Station, as one or two of our party had never been here before; so we started, some on foot and some on donkeys.

TANGIERS.

The galleries have not changed in the least since our last visit, but our soldier-guide told us they were daily expecting some big guns to come out, and he gave us a minute explanation how they were to be mounted.

At half-past six p.m. we weighed anchor and steamed out of the anchorage inside the New Mole. In the Straits the wind was fair, so the funnel was soon lowered, and the screw feathered, and we were racing along under sail alone.

Friday, May 18th.—Fresh breeze. After passing Cape Espichel the wind increased to a northerly gale, against which it was impossible to proceed. We therefore put into Lisbon. The mountains at the mouth of the Tagus, the tower and church of

Belem, and the noble river itself looked even more beautiful in the sunset than my recollection led me to expect. After dinner we went for a walk. One of the things we saw during our stroll was the fine statue of Luiz de Camoens, specially interesting to us, as we had so recently seen the place where he passed many of the weary years of his exile.

Saturday, May 19th.—We were off early; it was a lovely day,

Vasco da Gama.

and we had a pleasant drive to Cintra. On our arrival we mounted donkeys and went to Peña, the beautiful palace of the ex-King Ferdinand, situated at the top of the mountains. It is an extraordinary-looking place, the different parts being built in every imaginable style of architecture, with exquisite carving and old tiles, that would delight the heart of a connoisseur. One of the most prominent objects near the Palace of Peña is the statue of Vasco da Gama, nobly placed on a pedestal of natural rocks, piled on the summit of a mountain peak, and worthy the adventurous traveller it is erected to commemorate.

We had a hot drive back to Lisbon, and then went by train to Belem, where we spent some time in the church and in wandering through the exquisite cloisters. It was built specially to commemorate the successful voyage of Vasco da Gama, who returned from the discovery of India in 1499.

Sunday, May 20th.—Weighed at five a.m. There was a dense fog, and the steam-whistle, fog-horns, and bells were constantly kept going, with lugubrious effect. We had service at eleven and 4.30.

Cloister Gardens, Belem, Portugal.

Saturday, May 26th.—Saw the first English land, the Start, at 2.30 a.m.. We reached Cowes about 3 p.m., and were immediately welcomed by several yachts, which dipped their ensigns and fired their guns. We landed, and were warmly greeted by many friends, and, after sending off telegrams and letters, reembarked and proceeded towards Hastings. We were anxious to land by daylight, but this was not to be. So it turned out to be midnight before we reached Beachy Head and could discern the lights of Hastings shining in the distance. As we drew near to our anchorage we could see two boats coming swiftly towards us from the shore. The crews were members of the Royal

Naval Artillery Volunteers, and as they came alongside they raised a shout of welcome. Hastings has been expecting us all the afternoon, and late as was the hour, 1.30 a.m., we were immediately surrounded by a fleet of boats, and many willing hands seized our heterogeneous cargo and multitudinous packages, and before daylight all had been safely landed on the pier.

How can I describe the warm greetings that met us everywhere, or the crowd that surrounded us, not only when we landed, but as we came out of church; how, along the whole ten miles from Hastings to Battle, people were standing by the roadside and at their cottage doors to welcome us; how the Battle bell-ringers never stopped ringing except during service time; or how the warmest of welcomes ended our delightful year of travel and made us feel we were home at last, with thankful hearts for the providential care which had watched over us whithersoever we roamed?

I travell'd among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

HOME AT LAST.

SKETCHES IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. MEACHAM, D.D.

II.

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

IF we wish to see the country we may not pass beyond Treaty limits till we have secured from our Consul a passport from the Japanese Government. Having secured it let us settle how we shall travel into the interior of the country. Most of the people walk, getting over the ground at the rate of twenty or thirty miles per day, their baggage tied up in a cloth and slung on their back; sometimes a quiet heifer is used to carry the wayfarer a stage or two upon his way. A pack-horse is often employed, goods stowed away upon his back and along his sides, while the rider perches on the top with his feet curled under him,

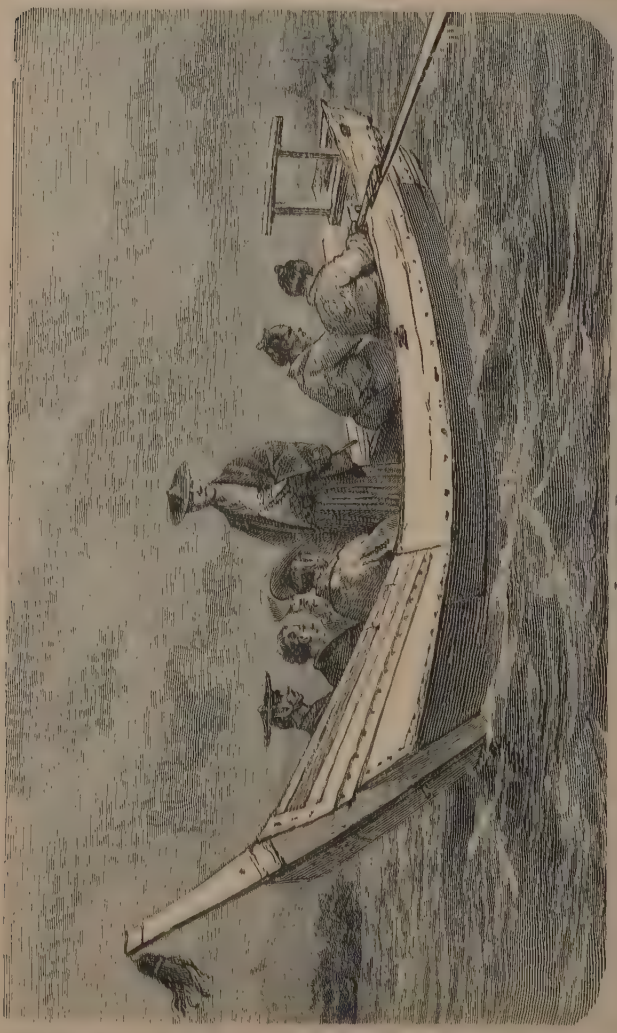
or resting in two loops of rope on the animal's neck, while the owner walking ten or twenty feet in front, leads him by a leather thong. These are very slow ways of travelling. The *jinrikisha* is "a two-wheeled overgrown baby-carriage," drawn by a coolie. Two coolies running tandem will whirl a single passenger from Kanagawa to Odowra, a distance of thirty-five miles, in seven and a half hours. When we come to mountain passes we must either walk or use the *kago* (pronounced kang-o), which is a round, flat basket of split bamboo, about two feet in diameter and two or three inches in depth, slung by bamboo supports under a stout pole eight or ten feet long, and provided overhead with a little flat roof of bamboo to keep off the sun. Two men carry it on their shoulders. In the unused hand they hold a stout bamboo cane exactly the height of their shoulder, and every little while they stop, put the cane under the pole, and shift to the other shoulder. The bottom and back of the basket are lined with a thick wadded quilt. These kagos are made for the Japanese, a people smaller than ourselves. So the problem is, given space in every dimension too small, how to dispose oneself so as to be least uncomfortable. It is a problem which each one must solve for himself. A very diminutive tailor could throw himself into the posture custom has made tolerable. An excessively small-sized devotee, accustomed to kneel before his god several times per day, would find room enough for prolonged devotion in this travelling oratory. A young apprentice to the saddle business, and now accustomed to the wooden horse, might get astraddle of the basket, if he will be careful not to interfere with the free movement of the coolie in front. Or one may stretch himself on his back, with the head well up toward the top, while the feet are above on the front support. But whatever posture is taken is sure to be changed for another, and that for still another, till at last, worn out, the traveller gets out to rest himself by a short walk. The *basha* has been lately introduced on some of the leading roads. It is a four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by horses, with two narrow seats running lengthwise of the carriage. The springs are poor, and, travelling over rough roads, like medicine you are sure "to be well shaken before taken" to your destination.

The country being insular and indented with countless bays, inlets and broad gulfs, all the alluvial portions being cut up by tidal streams and canals, vessels of various sorts are needed for

fishing and the coasting trade, which consists largely of rice, charcoal, firewood, timber, and fish for manure. The Japanese junk, picturesque enough in pictures, is an unwieldy kind of vessel, averaging perhaps 150 tons burthen. Its prow is low and its stern high. The only pretty thing about it is the large rectangular sail, made up of narrow strips of cotton, from six to twenty-four feet long, which are sometimes variously and tastefully coloured. Each strip is gathered on both sides on a string, which forms a pretty puffing, and these strips are often fastened together by an interlacing of cord. They sail very slowly. Vessels built on foreign models are superseding them, and the day is not far distant when they will as surely have disappeared as the trireme or the galleon, to give place to the less romantic but more useful vessels which are already hustling them into oblivion.

The boats that ply on the rivers are much smaller, resembling the one in the cut—flat-bottomed, nearly twelve times as long as they are broad, and with sides slightly curved inward. The prow is long and gradually curved up from the boat. They are seldom rowed, mostly *poled* or *sculled* by two or four men, who do not sit at their work. A few years ago I was on a missionary tour around our mission stations. While at Kofu a fearful storm broke on us, and our native preachers assured me that the Fuji-kawa, fed by the great mountain Fujiyama and its foothills, down which I must go to get to my next appointment, would be so swollen by the flood as to be dangerous for days to come. But my duty lay at Shidzuoka on the following Sabbath, and so I started to find that no vessel could leave till the next day. The waters, usually crystal-blue or crystal-green, were now frightfully swollen and turbid and brown, bearing down trees and wrecks of structures they had swept away. Down we went with remarkable swiftness, amid varied and charming scenery. Now we pass by mountains gloriously wooded and cleft by ravines down which streams were tumbling into foam, now along shores covered with luxuriant and tangled greenery of ferns, mosses, clematis and the feathery bamboo. Now we descry the pagoda roofs of a famous temple on our right, the head centre of a powerful Buddhist sect; now we reach a narrow gorge between rugged cliffs—swift as an arrow we are shot through, guided carefully as through the Lachine Rapids by the Indian pilot—and only by a hair-breadth's

'scape do the timbers of our vessel not grind on the horrid rocks. But its sides and bottom spring and bend and twist and crack



JAPANESE BOAT.

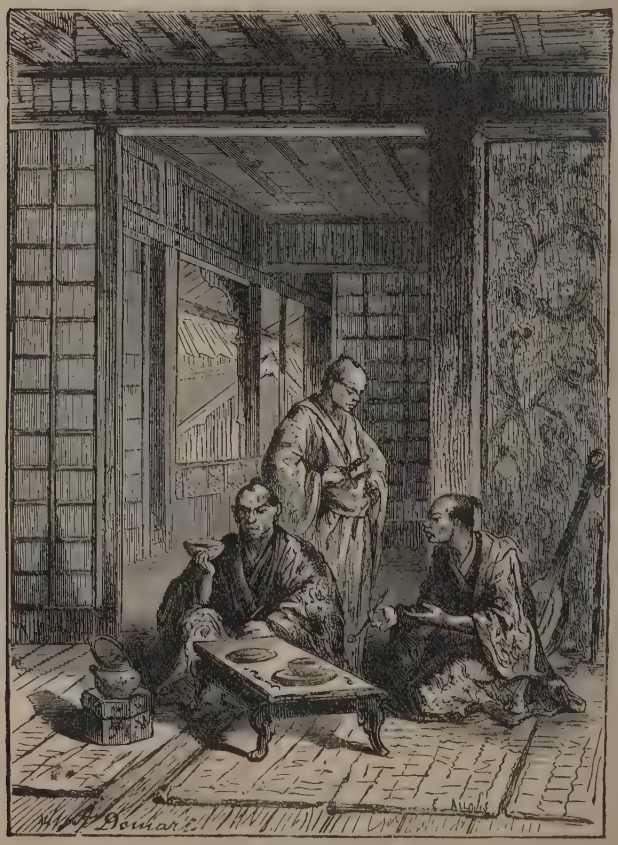
like the report of a pistol or the whip of a carter. The nervous strain is great. To divert the minds of my fellow-passengers

from the danger, and to seize an opportunity of preaching Jesus, I gave them a sermon, to which they listened attentively. May the seed sown on Fujikawa waters be found after many days!

Three lines of railway, not exceeding two hundred miles in length, have been built, which evidently pay well. And plans have been drawn up with great care and after thorough knowledge had been acquired of the physical features of the country, of a complete system of railway, sections of which will doubtless be built from time to time, which will pass through a thickly-populated and well-cultivated country, potentially, if not actually, rich, and already having the resources to furnish a large road traffic.

Now that we have our passport, and know something about the ways of travel, let us take a short trip into the country. We go from our home in Tsukiji, Tokiyo, to the Shinbashi station, purchase our tickets amid a crowd, pass through a narrow gate where an officer punches the ticket, go to the neat little cars, get on, observe them looking in the third-class passsngers, and notice a conductor looking in the windows lest any third-class passenger should get into a second-class car, or a second-class passenger should find his way into a first-class car; but henceforth no officer appears till we reach our destination at Kanajarra, when again we pass through a narrow gate and hand our ticket back. Here we call a couple of *jinrikisha* men for each *jinrikisha*, and a *jinrikisha* for each of us, and in a few minutes are on our way. Poor fellows! a hard lot is theirs. They are usually the flower of the peasantry. Sometimes handsome, active, clean of limb and graceful in action, they are drawn away from their life in the fields by the inducement of large wages. Of course they often earn in a day what on their farms they could not get in a week, but after the extraordinary exertion of a day's run, they must have rest, and now they recklessly dissipate their strength in gambling, drinking, and otherwise. Nor is their food sufficiently nutritive for their labours and for the copious drain of moisture which follows their exertions. It is taken hurriedly in enormous quantities, frequently when the body is in a glow of heat, and at short intervals of rest between periods of violent strain. What wonder if their life is shortened, and in a little while they leave the road broken in limb, wind, and spirit, without one cent laid by for their support, and more than ever unfit for field-work, for which they were intended. We meet

peddlers with shoulder-poles, from each end of which hang nests of baskets, porters with huge loads of merchandise, farmers bringing to market on pack-horses the products of their fields, bands of white-robed pilgrims carrying rosaries and bells, yellow-robed



Interior of Tea House.

priests with begging bowls, and on the mountains post-messengers "fleet as Mercury and nearly as naked;" we pass by houses open in front, where we see scribes writing in columns running from the top of the page to the bottom and in succession from

right to left, tailors sewing *from* themselves, carpenters planing *towards* themselves, blacksmiths squat on the floor with their toes pulling the bellows, carpenters building the roof of the house first of all and afterwards laying the foundations amid the weirdest songs understood only by the craft. All along the lines of travel at short intervals are *chaya* or tea-houses, where the coolies and indeed all travellers stop to refresh themselves with a little of the pale-green infusion, poured from a tiny pot into a tiny cup, which is then set on a little server and handed to them with a bow. They do not agree with Dr. Parr in the first part of his deliverance concerning tea—"non possum *te* cum vivere, nec sine *te*," for they do not regard it as injurious, but they do seem to fall in with the second clause; they appear to be unable to do without it.

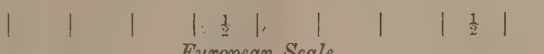
At last we reach our hotel, a wooden house two stories high, with tiled roof, open at the front where the kitchen is, and of course the smoke of cooking. We are greeted with cries of the red-cheeked waitresses—"*Yoku irasshaimashita*"—you are welcome. We drop our shoes on the earthen floor, and mount upon the mats, where we are met by the landlord who, on his bended knees with his hands on the mats, bows his head again and again to the floor thanking us for having come to his humble home. We are conducted straight to the room of honour, which is at the rear of the house looking out on a pretty little garden. Tea and sweetmeats are brought us on a little tray. We need a bath after our dusty journey. One can be had in the public baths a few doors away, but that is too public, when only a pole in some establishments separates the men from the women. Let us try and see if we can't get one in our hotel, though I can assure you beforehand it is difficult to have absolute privacy and perfectly pure water. Now that this is over, to take the tiredness out of our muscles let us call in the blind man whom we saw as we entered the town feeling his way with a staff, and whose low, sad whistle, followed by the cry "Amma," we heard. He comes. You lie down; he knuckles you all over, pries in between the joints and muscles of your limbs and back, and leaves you refreshed and limber as an acrobat. You are ready now for the barber, whose pole is next door. Watch him shaving the head, face, neck, ears and nose—inside and outside—of that Buddhist nun. He leaves no trace of hair on her head and neck save the

eye-lashes, and now clean and sleek she departs in peace. The man on the next seat is being shaved according to the old style. From the corner of the forehead back to the crown all the hair is closely shaven, and the long hair behind brought forward, made into a cue and fastened down on the shaven path. Now his forehead, face, nose, ears, and neck are carefully gone over with the razor, only his eyebrows and lashes spared. But the operation is not complete till the barber has taken a long tuning-fork, thrust it into his ear, and with a comb rasped the notched edges till the vibrations fill the room!

A Carpenter.

The transition is easy from the tuning-fork of the barber to the *biwa*, the musical instrument which leans against the wall of the hotel-room in the picture, on page 502. The *koto* is a harp of thirteen or more strings, played with a finger-cap. The shô is made up of several pipes of different lengths let into a wind-chest, each pipe having a metal tongue. Flutes of ivory, bamboo or marble are from sixteen to eighteen inches long, provided with six large finger-holes at equal distances and a mouth-hole one-fourth of whole length of the flute from the closed end. The samisen, the biwa and the kokiu are different forms of a sort of guitar. They use the tambourine, a variety of gongs and cymbals and different kinds of drums. The Rev. Dr. Syle, formerly professor of History in the University of Tokiyo, says Mr. Dickson,

considers that the Japanese scale, which is the same as the Chinese, differs from ours in the position of the semi-tone, or rather in not having true semi-tones, but three-quarter tones instead. Thus:



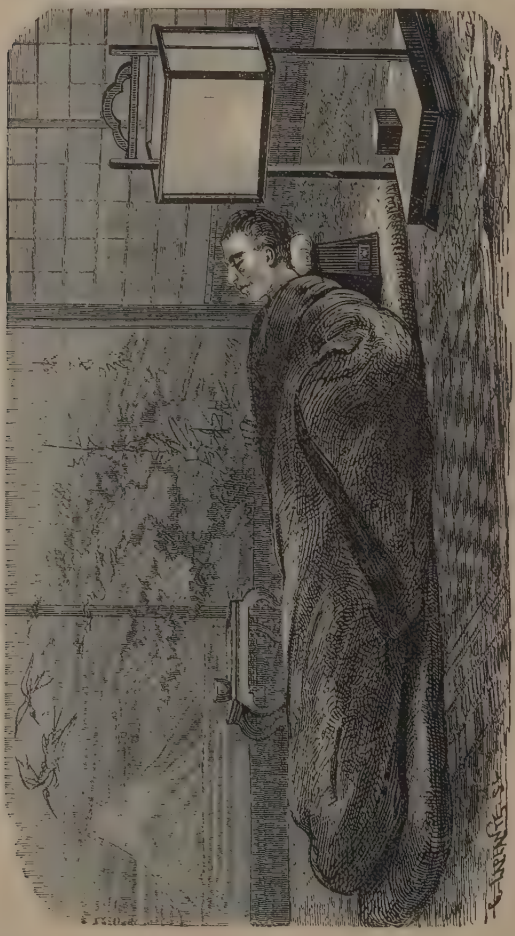
European Scale.

Japanese Scale.

To our ears this music is full of discords. An impassable gulf separates the harmonies of the East from those of the West. Yet Mr. Dixon thinks they should not be unpleasant to our ears. He observes that we appreciate the songs of birds, which yet are seldom true from a musical standpoint. To the Japanese our best music at first is utter dissonance; a symphony of Beethoven would be empty and discordant noise.

But now surely it is time for the evening meal, with the Japanese the principal meal of the day. We clap our hands, and from a distant part of the house, in a shrill, high key, is heard the servant's response, "he-e-e-e," prolonged indefinitely. She follows her voice as the report follows the flash. We order the meal, which is brought to us—a small table for each, with just five dishes containing rice, soup, fish, and vegetables, with a new pair of chop-sticks on each table. A maid sits by to replenish our dishes with rice out of a large vessel smoking hot. After we have partaken of what is set before us, the rice-dish becomes a teacup, into which the maid pours fresh-infused tea. It is becoming dark and we call for a light. An *andon* is brought—a square lantern with thin paper pasted on a wooden frame (as seen in the cut), through which faintly comes the light of a wick lying in a flat dish of vegetable oil. Ever since the sun began to get low in the west the mosquitoes have been furbishing their weapons and tuning their bagpipes. Now they are numerous and annoying. Nothing remains for us but to get under the mosquito curtains. We call for our beds to be made. Japanese don't go to bed, beds are brought to them. First, the maids come in carrying *futons*—thickly wadded cotton quilts—which they lay on the floor. Pillows, like that in the cut, similar in form to the old-

fashioned stereoscope, are brought. We decline to use them, so they roll up *futons* to form pillows for us, and when all is spread a



JAPANESE BED, PILLOW AND LAMP.

large mosquito net, which nearly fills the whole room, is fastened at the four corners to the wall. Our goods, clothes, and andon, are all brought under the net, where we may defy the mosquitoes that outside, all night long, sing their martial airs, and lay siege

to the fortress where we lie secure, but are unable to effect an entrance. But long before morning the air of a Japanese hotel is insupportably close and offensive, and we look anxiously for the time when the wooden shutters which enclose the house are flung open to admit the air from without.

In the morning we look out and find that the Buddhist priests are very busily engaged in some religious festival. How powerful the influence they wield over the minds and hearts of Asiatics!

Buddha.

The picture above is of a large bronze image of Buddha, near Enoshima, in height about forty-four feet. There is another in Uyeno, Tokiyo, about twenty-one and half feet high, more than 225 years old. The ugliest of all is in Kiyoto, probably thirty feet high, near the celebrated temple *Sanjiusangendô*. The largest is at Nara and is about fifty-three feet high. It is made up of plates of bronze ten inches by twelve, soldered together.

The people of Japan flock in great numbers to the temple, especially old people and many young children. Imposing ceremonies take place. Considerable money falls into the hands of the priests: of whom there are thirty-five Buddhist sects in Japan, differing widely in ritual, in magic, in metaphysics and in the degree, in which they have assimilated Shintoism, Confucianism,

and Taouism. Buddhism holds under its influence more human minds and hearts than any other religious creed. It is unques-

JAPANESE TEMPLE.

tionably the purest and best of all the false religions of the world. It has room for extreme rationalism and the wildest fanaticism.

Buddhism knows nothing of a Saviour. All that Buddha pretends to do is to show men how to save themselves. Its salvation, such as it is, is not into an ennobled, conscious future. Buddhism is losing its hold on the people. Many are sceptical. School-boys laugh it to scorn. Scholars show up its folly. Shrines are decaying. Temples in some regions are forsaken. Second-hand gods are for sale in the shops. Native preachers declare that Christianity will occupy its temples in the near future.

We have been watching with eager eyes a great bank of clouds that all day long yesterday hid Fujiyama from our view. This morning they were evidently thinning, and only now have they disappeared. This is Kempher's *mons excelsus et singularis.* It stands by itself in lonely grandeur and majesty, sweeping up-

FUJIYAMA.

ward in a glorious curve from a plain almost surrounded by ranges of mountains. Its southern side slopes down to the sea. It is an almost perfect cone. Its height is variously estimated from 12,250 to 14,000 feet. There have been several eruptions within historic times, the last in 1717. Steam still issues

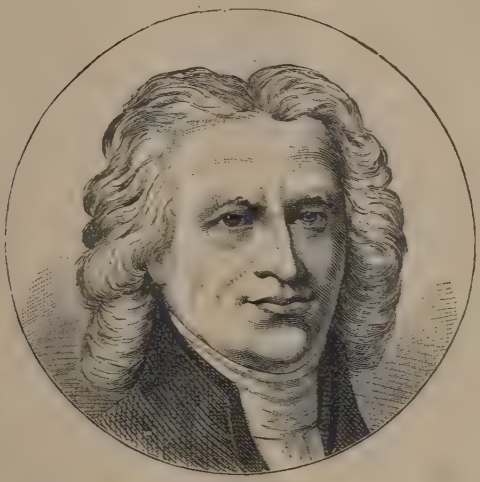
through ashes on the eastern side of the lip of the crater. It is an object of increasing interest and is a perpetual study. Its moods are almost endless. His wardrobe (unconsciously one speaks of Fuji as a great personality) contains many suits of apparel. His regalia is more spendid than Victoria's. Now he flashes white under the sunlight, now covered and girt with clouds of fire, now a sublime and colossal cone of dark purple against a twilight sky, again, under the full moon, so airy and frail as to be more like an exhalation than the mighty mass of rock and scoria that he is, etherealized by being covered with a thin crust of snow and placed under the illusive moonbeams. Is it any wonder that the Japanese have many superstitions about him? That his glory has been sung by Japanese poets and celebrated by Japanese artists for ages past? Happy the man whose home commands a view of this mountain, the residence of the gods, nay, in the view of many, a very god. To the foreigner, never tired of gazing on his ever-varying beauties, he has often seemed a great hierarch, in his cassock of purple brocade, with a chasuble of shining lawn, and stole of crimson, serving as a priest at the shrine of the Most High. But once the impression he made upon me was entirely different. I was returning by sea from the Conference of Missionaries in Ozaka, and, when opposite Fuji, its base only was covered with clouds. It stood out as if it were a great tent, nearly two miles in height, let down from heaven, with its curtains of imperial purple, vast enough in its seeming airy lightness to contain within it the population of an empire. My thoughts went to John's apocalyptic vision of the Tabernacle of God coming down from heaven, and God Himself dwelling with His people, and my prayer went up that the day may soon come when the thirty-five millions of this rising empire of the East shall be found in its safe pavilion!

WE must be here to work;
And men who work, can only work for men,
And not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and, so work humanly
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls
As God did first.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

FRANCIS ASBURY—A CENTENNIAL PAPER.

BY THE EDITOR.



FRANCIS ASBURY.

AT the mention of this name there rises the vision of an aged man, with snow-white hair and benignant aspect, worn with toil and travel, brown with the brand of the sun and with exposure to the vicissitudes of fair and foul weather. His brow, the home of high thought, is furrowed by the care of all the churches coming upon him daily. No prelatic lawn, like "samite, mystic wonderful," invests with its flowing amplitude his person. Clad in sober black or homespun brown, he bestrides his horse, his wardrobe and library contained in the bulging saddle-bags which constitute his sole equipage. With much of their original force he might adopt the words of the first and greatest missionary of the cross and exclaim: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." With no less truthfulness than Saint Paul himself might he declare, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus

sake." He was a heroic soul in a heroic age. He united, in a rich garland of graces, the fervour of an apostle, the boldness of a confessor, the piety of a saint, the tenderness of a woman, and the self-sacrifice of a martyr.

Francis Asbury was a gift from the Old World to the New, from the mother to the daughter-land. He was born in Staffordshire, near Birmingham, in 1745, the year of the Scottish rising in favour of the Pretender. He was early sent to school, but suffered much from the petty tyranny of the pedant pedagogue who, "clothed with a little brief authority," made the lives of his pupils bitter unto them. But even as a child he carried his troubles to the throne of grace. He records that "God was very near to him, a very present help in time of trouble."

In his fourteenth year he left home to learn a trade. His religious impressions deepened, and hearing the Methodists spoken against as a people righteous overmuch, he sought their acquaintance. Their simple spiritual worship took hold of his soul. He engaged with zeal in religious work, holding prayer-meetings on heath and holt, in cottage and on common. He was rewarded by seeing many converted from their sins. He was soon licensed as local-preacher, and held forth the word of life in the Wesleyan chapels of the vicinity to "wondering, weeping thousands." Multitudes were attracted by his extreme youth, he being then not more than seventeen years of age. Besides his Sabbath services, he often preached five times during the week, faithfully attending meanwhile to his daily labour. In his twenty-first year he was received into the Wesleyan Conference and appointed to circuit work. As an obedient son in the Gospel he laboured faithfully on his several circuits. At the Bristol Conference in 1771, John Wesley called for volunteers for the work in America. Among the first to respond to his call was Francis Asbury, unknowing of the toil and trial he thus espoused, or of the glorious reward and abiding renown that he should win.

With tears and many prayers he took leave of his beloved parents, whom he was never to see again. His outfit was of the slenderest kind, and on shipboard he was obliged to sleep on the bare planks. Full of burning zeal he preached to the sailors when it was so stormy that he had to seek support from the mast. After a weary eight weeks' voyage he reached Philadelphia. He had thoroughly imbibed the Wesleyan doctrine, "to

go to those who needed him most." From an entry in his journal we learn what manner of man he was. "My brethren seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I will show them the way. I have nothing to seek but the glory of God; nothing to fear but His displeasure. I am determined that no man shall bias me with soft words and fair speeches; nor will I ever fear the face of man, or know any man after the flesh, if I beg my bread from door to door; but whomsoever I please or displease, I will be faithful to God, to the people and to my own soul." There spoke the hero soul. In this man dwelt the spirit of John Knox, or of John the Baptist. He was evidently a God-appointed captain of Israel's host, and true over-shepherd of souls.

Forthwith Asbury began to range through the country, everywhere preaching the Word. At New York he preached to five thousand people in the race-course and exhorted the multitude to run with patience the race set before them.

In 1772 Wesley appointed Asbury Superintendent of the Societies in America, which had considerably increased in number. The next year the first Conference was held in Philadelphia. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that for several years the membership was nearly doubled annually.

The unhappy conflict with the mother country broke out. The bruit of war was abroad in the land. Some of the English preachers felt constrained by their loyalty to Old England to return home. But Asbury declared, "I can by no means leave such a field for gathering souls to Christ as we have in America; neither is it the part of a good shepherd to leave his flock in time of danger; therefore I am determined, by the grace of God, not to leave them be the consequence what it may."

During a fit of sickness in 1776, he went to recuperate at Warm Sulphur Springs, Virginia. His lodgings, he said, though only sixteen feet by twenty, contained seven beds and sixteen persons, besides some noisy children. His plan of duty as an invalid was this: "To read a hundred pages a day, pray in public five times a day, preach in the open air every other day, and lecture in prayer-meeting every other night." Under this regimen, with the blessing of God he soon recovered his health.

Suspected, apparently, of sympathy with the mother country, he was required to take the oath of allegiance to the State of Maryland. Its form, however, was such that he could not con-

scientiously accept it. He was compelled to take refuge in "a wild and dismal swamp," which he likened to "the shades of death." Three thousand miles from home and kindred, regarded as an enemy to his adopted country, and, worst of all, obliged to remain in hiding when the Word of God was a fire in his bones, and his soul was yearning to range the country and proclaim everywhere the free salvation of the Gospel to perishing multitudes, his heart was much depressed. Yet did he sing his "*Sursum Corda*" in the wilderness, and, under the special pro-

EARLY HOME OF FRANCIS ASBURY.

tection of the Governor of the State, who knew and honoured his worth, he was allowed to come forth from his hiding and engage without hindrance in his work.

And this work was no holiday amusement. Frequently, when benighted in the wilderness, he slept on the ground, or on rocks, or on some boards in a deserted cabin, with nothing to eat. Day after day he travelled over the broken spurs of the Alleghanies without food from morning to night. His mind was raised to loftiest contemplation by the sublime scenery, and his heart was cheered by his opportunities of breaking the bread of life to the lonely mountaineers.

A change in his relations to the Church was now to take place. "Fifteen years," says Dr. Strickland, "had elapsed

since Asbury began preaching in America. He was now forty years of age, and more than half of his life had been spent in preaching the Gospel, yet up to this time he was an unordained man. No ordinances of the Church had ever yet been administered by his hands, and he consented with the rest of his brethren in the ministry, to receive the Sacrament at the hands of the Episcopal priesthood. There were now in America one hundred and four Methodist ministers, and the membership had risen to fifteen thousand."

It was felt that the time had come when the anomalous condition of these men should cease. John Wesley, therefore, appointed Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury to be joint Superintendents over the preachers in North America.

The celebrated Christmas Conference assembled at Baltimore on Christmas-eve, 1784, and organized itself into "The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States," and Dr. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were elected the first bishops thereof. As Asbury was up to this period an unordained man, he was first, on Christmas-day, ordained by Dr. Coke, deacon; on the twenty-sixth, elder; and on the following day, bishop, or "Superintendent," as he is called in the official document.*

The new title of Asbury, however, increased neither his power nor his influence among his brethren. He already ruled by love in all their hearts. His elevation of office gave him only pre-eminence in toil. The day after the Conference he rode fifty miles through frost and snow. The next day he rode forty more, and so on till the Sabbath, when he halted for labour, not for rest. This was his initiation into the office of bishop. His salary was sixty-four dollars a year.

Asbury's labours were excessive, his lodgings were often wretched, and his fare meagre and poor. He and Dr. Coke sometimes rode three hundred miles a week, preaching every day. Asbury's journal recounts riding seventy-five miles in one day; reaching a cabin at midnight, and leaving at four in the morning. Sometimes he slept in the woods, sometimes on the floor of a cabin, whose walls were often adorned with coon or wildcat skins, and sometimes he fared even worse, for he writes,

* Such rapid ecclesiastical promotion is, we believe, unprecedented since the days of St. Ambrose, who, notwithstanding his vigorous *Nolo Episcopari*, was, though but a catechumen, elected bishop of Milan A.D. 374.

"O how glad should I be of a plain clean plank to lie on as preferable to the beds!" It was his misfortune to have a delicate skin and a keen sense of smell. It was often a lucky day when he dined on raccoon or bear steaks, cooked by a fire that the wind and rain often extinguished.

In some of his distant missionary excursions—sometimes travelling fifty miles without seeing a house—for protection against wild beasts and wilder men, Asbury used to travel with armed bands of mounted hunters. It was a time of Indian massacres. The fate of the victims was most tragical. One wretched survivor was four days dragging herself a distance of only two miles. Sometimes Asbury's party were pursued by bands of infuriate savages, to escape from whom they had to travel all night through the tangled wilderness.

Asbury never married. In his quaint journal he gives the following reasons for what could scarcely be called his choice: "Among the duties of my office was that of travelling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of fifty-two with her husband. I had but little money, and with this I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me."

"He often impoverished himself," writes his biographer, "to relieve the wants of others. At one time we find him with only two dollars in the world, and his poor preachers ragged and destitute. First his little purse was drained, and then followed his cloak and watch and shirt." His own clothes were often threadbare and faded, and he has been known to start on a journey of two thousand miles with an outfit of only three dollars. He was almost as dependent on the providence of God as Elijah when fed by ravens. These were no times for marrying or giving in marriage. He who did so was almost invariably compelled to "locate" in order to earn a living for his family. "We have lost the labours," writes Asbury, "of two hundred of the best men in America from this cause."

Asbury was the father of missions in American Methodism, sending out preachers to the destitute settlements, and soliciting funds all over the country for their support. He organized the Book Concern which has been made such a source of diffusion of religious light and knowledge. He was the first man in America

to introduce Sunday-schools, 1786. The schools, according to the Discipline of 1792, were held "from six in the morning until ten, and from two in the afternoon until six," where it did not interfere with public worship.

The early years of this century were times of great religious revival, especially in the Middle and Southern States. The immense gatherings known as camp-meetings took their origin from the open-air sacramental services held by the Presbyterian ministers, which lasted several days. Sometimes from ten to fifteen thousand persons were assembled, and the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers laboured side by side in their work of faith. So vast was the crowd that several preachers, from different stands, proclaimed at the same time the Word of Life, and hundreds, if not thousands, might have been seen prostrate on the earth, or wild with joy, shouting the praises of God. Sometimes thirty preachers were present and four hundred persons were converted.

Toil, travel, and exposure wore down Asbury's strength, yet he gave himself no rest. In his fifty-seventh year he crossed the rugged Cumberland Mountains for the fiftieth time. He was suffering from acute pain in his whole body and with swelling of his knees, which he attributed to sleeping uncovered in the woods. By the aid of laudanum he got two hours' sleep in the forest beneath a blanket stretched out like a tent. He had to be lifted on his horse like a child. Scarce able to refrain from crying out in his agony, he writes "Lord, let me die, for death hath no terrors." Yet the heroic soul so sustained the frail body that through mountains and forests he completed his usual annual journey of six thousand miles. He deeply commiserated the wretched emigrants journeying by hundreds over the mountains—almost foodless, shelterless, clotheless, toiling along on foot, those who were best off having only one horse for two or three children to ride at once. Yearning over these lost sheep in the wilderness he writes in his journal, "We must send preachers after these people."

Methodism in those days was to many an object of intense aversion. Let one example of this, as given by Dr. Strickland, suffice: Dr. Hinde was the military physician of General Wolfe. At the close of the French war he settled in Kentucky. His wife

and daughter joined the Methodists. The latter he banished from home. The former he put under medical treatment for what he feigned to regard as insanity. His remedy was a blister plaster extending the whole length of the back. The fortitude and meekness with which the Christian wife bore her persecutions resulted in the doctor's conviction and subsequent conversion. He became one of Asbury's best friends. "He will never again," wrote the bishop, "put a blister on his wife's head to draw the Methodism out of her heart."

In his sixty-third year the indomitable pioneer writes, "I am young again and boast of being able to ride six thousand miles on horseback in ten months. My round will embrace the United States, the Territory and Canada." The following is an account of his adventures during one of his visits to Canada:—

"We crossed the St. Lawrence," writes his companion in travel, "in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together [they must have been wooden dug-outs], and put our horses in them—their fore feet in one, their hind feet in another. We were a long time in crossing; it was nearly three miles, and part of the way was rough, especially the rapids." As Mr. Asbury was leading his horse over a bridge of poles, its legs slipped between them, and sank into mud and water. "Away went the saddle-bags; the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were indescribable. They were enough to jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave. He was very lame from inflammatory rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr. The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light of his afflictions. "I was weak in body," he wrote, after preaching at the Heck Settlement, "but was greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them." After a twelve miles' ride before breakfast, he wrote, "This is one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of noble size; the crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's Harbor in an open boat they were nearly wrecked. "The wind was howling," writes his

companion, "and the storm beating upon us. I fixed the canvas over the bishop like a tent to keep off the wind and rain. Then I lay down on the bottom of the boat on some stones placed there for ballast, which I covered with some hay I procured in Kingston for our horses." They reached land, "sick, sore, lame and weary, and hungry." Yet the old bishop set out in a thunder-storm to reach his appointment. Such was the heroic stuff of which the pioneer missionaries of Canada were made.

At this age Bishop Asbury frequently rode three hundred miles a week. On one of his "rounds" he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. But he provided himself with a pair of crutches and rode on through a shower of rain. He had to be lifted from his horse and carried into the house. He was now compelled to take to a carriage, and this is the way the grand old veteran writes: "We are riding in a poor, thirty-dollar chaise in partnership, two bishops of us, (himself and Bishop McKendree), but it must be confessed it tallies well with our purses."

Yet he felt the weight of years and travail. A little later he writes, "I am happy; but I am sick and weak and in heaviness by reason of suffering and labour. Sometimes I am ready to cry out, 'Lord, take me to home to rest.' Courage, my soul!"

His labours seemed to increase as his time for toil grew shorter. In his seventieth year he travelled six thousand miles in eight months, met nine Conferences and attended ten camp-meetings, and at these meetings he laboured above measure, often sleeping but two hours out of the twenty-four. Even when he had to be carried into the church, he would preach with unquenchable zeal. From one of these services he was carried to his lodging, and "thoroughly blistered," says the record, "for high fever." Two days after, he rode thirty miles through the bitter cold, the next day thirty-six more, when he was again carried to the pulpit to preach the Word of Life. The frail body was borne up by the strong will that seemed as if it would not let him die.

But the end was approaching. In his seventy-first year he attended his last Conference. Like a faithful patriarch, leaning upon his staff, says his biographer, whose words we largely adopt, he addressed the elders of the tribes of the Methodist Israel, being assured that he would ere long be called away from their councils. A sense of loneliness came upon him as he remembered the friends of other days who had passed away. Five and

forty years of toil and travail in cities and villages, in the log-cabins and wildernesses of the Far West and South, travelling round the continent with but few exceptions every year—he crossed the Alleghanies sixty times—subject to every kind of itinerant hardship and privation, wasted the frail body, but left his indomitable spirit strong in immortal youth. When unable longer to stand, he sat in the pulpit and poured out the treasures of his loving overflowing heart to the weeping multitude, who sorrowed most of all at the thought "that they should see his face no more."

By slow and difficult stages he passed through South and North Carolina till he reached Richmond, Virginia. "I must once more deliver my testimony in this place," he urged in reply to remonstrance. It was a bright spring Sabbath, glorious with the beauties of the South. The venerable bishop, with his silvery hair flowing down his shoulders, announced in tremulous tones his last text: "For He will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness." He seemed like the one who was waiting for the summons of the Bridegroom. From time to time he was compelled to pause from sheer exhaustion. Nevertheless he preached nearly an hour, during which time, says the narrator, a deep and awful stillness pervaded the entire assembly, broken only by the sobs of sympathetic hearers.

Eager to attend the General Conference at Baltimore, he pressed on. But near Fredericksburg, on ground since deluged with blood shed in fratricidal war, he reached his last earthly resting-place. He was carried into the house which he was never to leave till his worn and weary body should be carried to the tomb. On the last Sabbath of his life he called the family together for worship. The twenty-first chapter of Revelation was read; and doubtless by the eye and ear of faith he beheld the Holy City coming down out of Heaven and heard the blessed assurance that God would wipe away all tears forever. As the service closed the spirit of the patriarch passed away, and thus—

> Like some broad river widening toward the sea,
> Calmly and grandly joined eternity.

Beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Methodist Church in Baltimore, which he had so often occupied in life, sleep the remains of the pioneer bishop of America. In labours he was more abundant than even the apostolic Wesley himself, since the

conditions under which he toiled were so much more arduous. He ordained upwards of three thousand preachers. He preached seventeen thousand sermons. He travelled three hundred thousand miles—from the pine-shadowed Aroostook to the savannas of Georgia, from the surges of the Atlantic to the mighty Father of Waters—through pathless forests, over rugged mountains and across rapid rivers. He had the care of a hundred thousand souls and the appointment of four hundred preachers.

His character was one of the most rounded and complete, and his life one of the most heroic recorded in the annals of the Church. His preaching was attended with a Divine unction which made it refreshing as the dew of heaven. His words were at times "a dagger to the hilt at every stroke," and at times so tender that they made the hearts of listening thousands

> "Thrill as if an angel spoke,
> Or Ariel's finger touched the string."

He was a man dead to the world, a man of one work. The zeal of the Lord's house consumed him till he wore out in the work and died at his post. "If I can only be instrumental," he was wont to exclaim with streaming eyes, "in saving one soul in travelling round the continent, I'll travel round till I die."

His devotion and tenderness towards his parents was exceedingly beautiful. In their old age he regularly remitted to them a portion of his meagre income. "My salary," he writes, "is sixty-four dollars. I have sold my watch and library and would sell my shirts before you should want. I spend very little. The contents of a small pair of saddle bags will do for me, and one coat a year. Had I ten thousand pounds per year, you should be welcome, if you needed it." To his aged and widowed mother he wrote, with tender recollections of his boyhood, "Were you to see me and the colour of my hair—nearly that of your own—my eyes are weak even with glasses. When I was a child and would pry into the Bible by twinkling firelight, you used to say 'Frank, you will spoil your eyes.' Hard wear and hard fare, but I'm healthy and lean, gray-headed and dim-sighted. I wish I could come to see you, but I see no way to do it without sinning against God and His Church."

Asbury could not be called in the strictest sense a scholar. He never enjoyed the University training of the Wesleys, Fletcher, and Coke. But he was far better read than many a College

graduate in theology, Church history and polity, civil history and general literature. In his saddle bags he carried his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, and in his long and lonely rides, and in the smoky cabins of the wilderness, he diligently studied the oracles of God in their orignal tongues. His journals give evidence of his shrewd observation, keen wit, and strong idiomatic English. His keen sense of the beautiful in nature is seen his sympathetic descriptions of the "noble Hudson," the "lofty Catskills with their towering cliffs," the "beautiful Ohio," the "wild Potomac," the "lovely Shenandoah," the "thundering Niagara," "the interminable forests," and the "broad prairies," with whose varied aspects he was so familiar.

Few men were more revered and beloved. Beyond the sea as well as at home his character was honoured, and the British Conference requested him to visit that body, engaging to pay all the expenses of his journey. Few have ever had so many children named after them. Many of these became his sons in the ministry. To all who bore his name he left by his will a handsome copy of the Scriptures. Without a wife or child the Church of God was his spouse, which he loved and cherished better than his own life, and a great multitude of spiritual offspring rose up to call him blessed.

The record of such a life is an inspiration to duty—a summons like a clarion call—to blessed toil for the Master and to increased zeal in His service. It is a scathing rebuke to self-seeking, or apathy, or indolence in the most glorious of callings. Asbury has lived out his three score years and ten on earth, but his work, behold, it remaineth forevermore!

> The struggle and grief are all past,
> The glory and worth live on.

On the Methodism of this broad continent, from the region beneath the Northern Bear to that which sees the Southern Cross, from the crowded cities on the Atlantic to the far-off, lonely regions,

> Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings,

he has impressed the stamp of his powerful mind, his mighty faith, his unconquerable will.

THE CARLYLES.

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.

"SAVE me from my friends," is an old aphorism. Certainly no two people have had more urgent occasion to use it than these two—this husband and this wife, who, by the zeal of, as Mrs. Oliphant aptly calls him, "that modern Nemesis known among men by the name of Froude," have been held up to the view of all who care to look, with all their faults and weaknesses, incautious utterances, unkind speeches, irritability, whims, etc., fully exposed alike to friend and foe. "Left to his discretion," forsooth, he pleads as his excuse for thus publishing every scrap left in his possession—his *discretion*, save the mark! surely he meant his indiscretion; that, at least, seems the more appropriate word. What varying opinions have been expressed as every fresh development has been made, the rebound from the almost deification of the impracticable, unhappy philospher, the howl of indignation which greeted the "Reminiscences," in which every ill-natured word had been, as it were, vindictively published, then the chorus of commiseration set up for the ill-used wife, though little would she thank the world for this burst of sympathy. Though there were many to complain in the first case, it is, or is it? a wonderful fact, that scarcely was a voice raised in protest in the latter. It sometimes makes a great difference *who* is hurt—in one case the living, in the other only a woman cold in death, with scarcely a relative to take up her cause.

Now that the heart-burnings and wounded feelings caused by the publication of the "Reminiscences," have had time to subside, now that the abuse heaped on Carlyle, the sympathy for that martyr his wife, the rain of letters and newspaper articles have abated, it may be worth while to really try to pierce through the meaning of this avalanche of commiseration and abuse. If Carlyle in his old age was foolish enough to make Froude his literary executor, certainly Mrs. Carlyle never did so, and surely no husband has the power of pushing his marital claims so far as to thus lay bare the secrets of the heart of one most dear to him. It is a brutal thing that has been done, a sacrilege. Mrs. Oliphant, a friend of both, has expressed her opinion in a few

burning words. She calls it a "deliberate outrage upon a helpless dead woman, with neither son nor champion to stand up for her. Is it, then, permissible because Froude received the papers of her husband as a gift, to betray the secrets of the wife? No one has even suggested that it was dishonourable. Public feeling must be at a low ebb when no one will stigmatize as it deserves, this treason to all that is required by friendship, by common decency."

We have heard much lately of the testamentary disposition of property being disputed, so that all who have anything to leave are exhorted to see that their wishes are carried out in their lifetime, lest the lawyers should prove some intention never dreamt of by them. Since these letters have been published there is much danger that valuable literary matter may be destroyed by those who are afraid of falling into the hands of such a to be dreaded *friend*. The counts against this biographer are briefly these; first, that he has injured the reputation of the great essayist; second, that he has wounded the feelings of many old friends, or, if dead, of their relatives, by this needless publicity; third, that he has made a shameful exposure of a proud, reticent woman (as regards her own feelings), and that he has given his own explanation of some expressions found there, distorting and misrepresenting particularly as regards Lady Ashburton. How much has since been written on his text, of the selfish brutality of Carlyle, of the self-abnegation of his wife, of the sacrifice she made, of her being his kitchen drudge, cleaning grates, scrubbing, mending, etc. Now a great deal of this all arises from an amusing description given by Mrs. Carlyle of her housekeeping troubles on one occasion when left alone in the absence of her servant, at a later day, too. And it is quite likely that some of her annoyances from servants arose from that fruitful source of domestic trouble—want of the necessary knowledge of housekeeping, although Carlyle thought his wife could do anything and everything.

To the statement that Mrs. Carlyle had married beneath her, and had made such sacrifices, there was always for me this reply which seemed unanswerable. By her position as the wife of the foremost literary man of the day, she enjoyed privileges greater, and held a rank higher, than she could have done by any marriage she was likely to make. Carlyle himself speaks of her

circumstances as "opulent," but how little better would she have been as the wife of the minister, physician, or merchant prince, mentioned. She must in any case have had the cares of a household. Her partner might have been selfish and unreasonable, though perhaps not so much so as Carlyle, for that might be difficult. Or the trouble might have been the other extreme. Carlyle was sincere at least, too sincere, enough so to be intensely disagreeable to the outer world, to his friends, to his wife. In the shock of his great bereavement—having lost her who had so smoothed his path—he does much to give the idea of an ill-used wife. The fond, foolish old man when too late, regrets his having been so immersed in his own pursuits as to have neglected her. His remorse was bitter, but his so frequent repetition of the term angel is a trifle wearisome, especially as the term, viewed in the light of her sharp and peppery references to husband and friend in correspondence, does not seem peculiarly appropriate. Who is there in the case of the loved and lost, particularly when there has been time for no last words, who has not much to regret, both of the bitter speech that should not have been made, and of the kind thoughts that never found utterance?

No doubt he was selfish this modern son of Thunder, no doubt his wife waited on him, and in fact completely spoiled him; indeed made him more selfish by thus effacing herself and thinking only of him. But other men have been selfish, and this pair were very thin-skinned, full of whims and cranks and dislikes without rhyme or reason. Would either have been happier with a calm, indifferent, stupid companion? I trow not. But it is patent to every observer, that there was between this strangely-assorted pair an enduring love which exists but rarely. How any one who reads these letters can come to any other conclusion is not easy to see. And they well repay the perusal—a vivacity, a gipsy-like wildness, a daring irreverence sometimes startling, for of the two she seems to have been almost utterly destitute of religious feeling. And was not this, instead of the dyspepsia, the cause of much of the unhappiness? Take a man with such a father and mother as Carlyle—reverent, God-fearing, brought up in all the straight-lacedness of a Presbyterian household of that age, unmoor him from the belief of his childhood, and no wonder that he becomes unbearable.

But what a strange compound was her character. Foster's

comment, on her informing him that her maternal grandmother was descended from a gang of gipsies, was grandniece to Matthew Bailie, who "suffered at Lanark," that is, was hanged there, while she also traced her lineage back to the great Scottish reformer—a genealogical fact, said Foster, "which made her at least intelligible for him—a cross between John Knox and a gipsy, that explains all." Emerson described the pair as "a trip hammer with an Æolian attachment." Some one else has said that Carlyle's blows were made with a club, but hers with a stiletto were none the less cruel. Yet how many beautiful traits of character does she show—the kindness to her servants, at one time trying to reclaim a drunkard; the money for little presents to old family servants in Scotland; the kind letter enclosing some little article sent in remembrance. The letters to so many different persons show a wide range of feeling and expression—a different style according to the individual addressed—sparkling, rather bitter wit, to some of their literary friends; tender affection to a very dear friend, Mrs. Russell, as also to a sister-in-law; affection, raillery, vehement anger, and sometimes the most startling expressions to her husband—what we may call not merely masculine vigour of expression, but also masculine license, for she lived so much with these *literati*, some of them literary Bohemians, that her speech is strongly tinctured. Again, we have affectionate regard to her old servant, anguish and despair the most bitter, during the period of her physical suffering after a painful accident; another style still for Carlyle's mother. In all, there are published three hundred and thirty-three letters, in making extracts from which we labour under an embarrassment of riches—every page is sparkling with wit, full of local references to some amusing incident, requiring perhaps a note from Carlyle to explain the allusion. Talk, indeed, of French women of letters; this woman seemed to have the faculty of holding entranced a roomful of *litterateurs* or distinguished men—Tennyson, Darwin, Stirling, Mill, Tyndall, Mazzini, Cavaignac, etc. When she describes the daily household events—house-cleaning, repairing, contests with the owners of crowing fowls, barking dogs, noisy pianos, even a walk or a ride—all become invested with a haze of romance, nay of enchantment. And this gift she used constantly to amuse the leisure of the Chelsea philosopher, to drive away gloom, to make gay this apostle of silence, to fascinate all with

whom she came in contact. The very minutiæ with which she describes all these little incidents to him in her letters show a depth of feeling displayed by few wives. She certainly took great pains to please her husband. In a little note to Foster, about a book to be dedicated to herself by Miss Jewsbury, she writes asking him to get her out of her difficulty:

"If anything of the last chapters I read be left in it, not only would he detest a dedication to his wife, but his wife herself would detest it. You see how I am situated, not wishing to give pain to Geraldine, still less to give offence to my husband; and, least of all, to promenade myself as an emancipated woman."

This is the authority Froude gives for his action, referring to the papers left in his hands:

"But Carlyle warned me that before they were published, they would require anxious revising. Written with the unreserve of confidential communications, they contained anecdotes, allusions, reflections, expressions of opinion and feeling, which were intended obviously for no eye save that of the person to whom they were addressed. He left me at last with the discretion to destroy the whole of them. His own and Mrs. Carlyle's journals were records of their most secret thoughts. All these Mr. Carlyle, scarcely remembering what they contained, but with characteristic fearlessness, gave me leave to use as I might please."

Here is a short extract from one of her letters to her husband, showing sufficiently how she would look on any such exposure of her feelings:

"One thing I have to say that I beg you will give ear to. I have not yet recovered the shock it was to me to find after six months all those weak, wretched letters I wrote to you from Holm Hill 'dadding about' in the dining-room, and should you use my letters in that way again I shall know by instinct and not write to you at all! There."

Mrs. Oliphant thus puts the matter in the *Nineteenth Century:*

"Perhaps it is not unjust, as human justice goes, that there should have been reserved for these two a fate which would be ruefully comic if it were not tragical—these two, he in public she in private, having a deep rolling artillery of their own, and using without sparing, with many a resounding discharge and sharp ping of individual criticism, character, humour, dyspepsia, nerves, and perhaps nationality, having both such a propensity to sharp language, and speak forth more freely than is usual their opinion of their fellow-creatures."

But a few extracts from these letters will give a clearer idea of

their character than anything else. Here is one written ten years after marriage, and certainly as a letter to a mother-in-law it is prettily expressed:

"My dear mother, you know the saying, 'it is not lost what a friend gets,' and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all these and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am. Thank you, then, for having in the first place been kind enough to produce him into the world, and for having, in the second place made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellences and for having in the last place sent him back to me again to stand by me in this cruel world."

In another letter to his mother, in speaking of a child she says:

"This plumpness I count a good omen for the whole family. It betokens good nature, which is a quality too rare among us. 'Those long, sprawling, ill-put-together children,' as you described my husband, give early promise of being 'gey ill to deal with.' That one of them who has fallen to my share conducts himself pretty peaceably at present, writing only in the forenoons."

On the occasion of her first birthday after the death of her own mother, from whom she had always received a present at such a time, she writes thus of this husband who is called such a selfish tyrant:

"Only think of my husband, too, having given me a little present, he who never attends to such nonsenses as birthdays, and who dislikes nothing so much as going into a shop to buy anything. Well, he actually risked himself in a jeweller's shop and bought me a very nice smelling bottle. I cannot tell you how *wae* the little gift made me, as well as glad. It was the first thing of the kind he ever gave me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate, but these little attentions which we women attach so importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his upbringing and the severe turn of mind he has from nature had alike indisposed him towards them. And now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great."

Again on the next birthday she writes thus to him:

"You ask where shall I be on my birthday? My dear, in what view do you ask? To send me something! Now I positively forbid you to send me anything but a letter, with your blessing. It is a positive worry to you the buying of things. And what is the chief pleasure of a birthday present, simply that it is an evidence of one's birthday having been remembered. And now

I know that you have been thinking of it ever so long before. So write me a longer letter than usual, and leave presents to those whose affection stands more in need of vulgar demonstration than yours does."

A few days later she writes:

"Oh my darling, I want to give you an emphatic kiss rather than to write. But you are at Chelsea and I at Seaforth, so the thing is clearly impossible for the moment. But I will keep it for you till I come, for it is not with words that I can thank you adequately for that kindest of birthday letters and its small enclosure. I cried over it, and laughed over it, and could not sufficiently admire the graceful idea, which might come under the category of what Cavaignac used to call *idées de femme*, supposed to be unattainable by the coarser sex."

If, as Froude asserts, this was an unhappy marriage with no love on her side, and his worn out, how explain such a letter as this which follows, written on another birthday occasion? How many wives, after twenty years of married life, would write like this?

"Oh my dear husband,—Fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day, and I do not even feel any resentment for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you the most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was. Not a line from you on my birthday, the postmistress averred. I did not burst out crying, I did not faint, did not do anything absurd so far as I know, but I walked back again, without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you who know me can conceive. And then I shut myself up in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Were you taken ill so that you could not write? And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying through the house, 'Mrs. Carlyle, here is a letter for you.' And so there it was, after all. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness? Oh, my dear, I am not fit for living in the world with this organization: I was as much broken to pieces as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. But I felt an irresistible desire of thanking you by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case, and now I will lie down and try and get some sleep, at least to quiet myself. I will try to believe, oh, why cannot I believe it once for all, that with all my faults and follies I am 'dearer to you than any earthly creature?'"

But the letters are not all in this vein: the sharp sayings are not all on one side. With what gentle raillery does she

sometimes describe her husband's peculiar ways, sometimes to himself, sometimes to his sister:

"I hope you found a fire when you got home and some 'reasonable good tea.' If you could fancy me in some part of the house out of sight, my absence would make little difference, considering how little I see of you. But not a hundredth part of the thoughts in my head ever will be spoken or written, as long as I keep my senses at least. Only don't you, the 'apostle of silence,' find fault with me for putting your doctrine into practice. There are days when I must hold my peace, or speak things better never to be spoken."

To Sir George Sinclair, where her husband was staying, she writes:

"Decidedly you are more thoughtful for me than the man who is bound by vow to love me and cherish me: not a line have I received from him. I have told him I shall not write till I have heard from himself, and he knows whether or no I am in the habit of keeping my word to the letter."

Sir George had, in another letter, excused the non-arrival of a letter from Carlyle. She thus refers to it:

"I am informed that his dear friend's pen is just now more devoted to the service of unborn generations than to mine. You will doubtless write when the 'unborn generations' can spare you for half an hour."

Her description in her journal of her interview with the Tax Commissioners is racy, but can only be given in part. It is astonishing how helpless in almost all the affairs of life this man was, and how many things his wife did for him, even to ordering his clothes, which she says she sometimes did, much to the dismay of Cockney clothiers:

"Mr. Carlyle had said, 'the voice of honour seemed to call him to go himself,' but either it did not call loud enough or he would not listen to the charmer. When her turn came, the Commissioner exclaimed—

"'Carlyle? What Carlyle? Why is not Mr. Carlyle here himself? What does he mean by saying he has no income from his writings, when he himself fixed it in the beginning at a hundred and fifty.' 'It means, sir, that in ceasing to write, one ceases to be paid for writing, and Mr. Carlyle has published nothing for several years. I am ready to swear to it.' 'You—you, indeed; no, no, we can do nothing with your oath.' 'But, sir, I understand my husband's affairs fully better than he does himself.' 'That I can well believe, but we can make nothing of this,' flinging the document on the table. 'Then what has Mr. Carlyle to live on? You don't mean to tell me that he lives on that,' pointing to the document. 'Heaven forbid, sir; but I am not here to explain what Mr. Carlyle has to live on, only to de-

clare his income from literature during the last three years.' 'Mr. Carlyle, I believe, has landed income.' 'Of which,' said I haughtily, for my spirit was up, 'I have fortunately no account to render in this kingdom and to this Board.' On stepping out my first thought was, what a mercy Carlyle did not come himself."

This to her husband is an attempt to rally him on his own unapproachableness. In describing Madame ——, who was trying to gain an interview, she writes:

"She met the Rev. John Barlow, and said, 'There is just one thing I wish you to do for me, to take me to see Mr. Carlyle.' 'Tell me to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to dance a polka with you,' said Barlow, aghast, 'and I would dare it, though I have not the honour of his acquaintance, but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle, impossible.' Next she applied to George Cooke, who replied, 'Ask me to take you up to the Queen and introduce you to her, and I would do it and take the punishment awarded me, but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle, impossible.'"

In reference to their sensitiveness she says:

"Alas, dear, I am very sorry for you. You, as well as I, are too vivid; to you as well as to me has a skin been given much too thin for the rough purposes of human life. They could not make ball gloves of our skins, dear."

En passant, here is something interesting to Canadians in Carlyle's recollections of Edward Irving:

"There were other disastrous or unpleasant figures, whom I met at Irving's —a Danish fanatic of Calvinistic species, (repeatedly and had to beat him off) a good many fanatics of different kinds—one insolent 'Bishop of Toronto,' (Dr. Strachan) triumphant Canadian, but Aberdeen by dialect (once only from whom Irving defended me), etc., etc., but of these I say nothing."

How would some of us now like to hear the particulars of the meeting between these two representative Scots. Each positive and firm in his opinions; each brought up in the Presbyterian Church, the one writing Latter-day Pamphlets, the other the head of the Anglican hierarchy, and exercising an influence to be felt for years in the country of his adoption. To some who only know of the sledge-hammer knock-down blows of the Chelsea philosopher, it is difficult to imagine that he required that Irving should come to his defence; to others who have perhaps experienced the sharp, incisive speech of this same Bishop, it may be more easily understood.

All the references to the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother are very

touching, her own self-reproach and a few words of Carlyle recalling her grief:

"For the rest I too have my self-reproaches; my sympathy for her, though sincere and honest, was not always perfect: no, not as hers for me in the like case had been. Once, and only once, she even said to me these sad words, 'It is the first time you show impatience with my grief, dear'—words which pain my heart at this moment, ah me! too late."

Her last letters to her husband are indeed touching, when we know that on the afternoon of the day when the last was written she died suddenly in her carriage. The inscription on her tombstone is characteristic of Carlyle, and well describes her:

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could do in all of worthy that he did or attempted. Suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

These words also show his feeling to her: "Blind and deaf that we are, oh, think if thou yet love anybody living; wait not till death sweep down the paltry dissonances of the moment until it be too late."

Froude makes much of her expression, "But when one has married a man of genius one must take the consequences." She might also have said, if you marry some one who is not a man of genius, you must take the consequences. Let us be fair; others might say, if you marry a woman of genius, or perhaps one who is not a woman of genius, you must take the consequences. Plenty of men and women are selfish and tyrannical and "ill to do with," who are the very reverse of people of genius. It is almost painful to read of the intensity of feeling shown by her at the thought of the effects on her husband of giving a speech as rector of Edinburgh University. How she feared he might break down, how she suffered with suspense, how she exulted in his success:

Dearest, by the time you get this you will be out of your trouble for better or worse. And if you ever let yourself be led or driven into such a horrid thing again I will never forgive you—never. What I have been suffering vicariously of late days is not to be told. If you had been to be hanged I don't see that I could have taken it more to heart."

Then when the telegram came from Tyndall—'a perfect triumph'—she gave way completely.

What a pretty picture we have of her friendship for Miss Barnes, the daughter of her physician. The letter, on hearing of her speedy marriage, is pathetic:

"And you are actually to be married you, already, and you expect me to congratulate you, or 'perhaps not:' I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not.' Frankly, my dear, I wish you all the happiness in the new life that is opening to you. But congratulations on such occasions seem to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession air which, in our manners and customs, is given to marriage at the outset, that singing of the *Te Deum* before the battle has begun, has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray, if ever one is to feel grave and anxious, if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another for better and worse till death part them. But of your father, who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him? Oh little girl, little girl, do you know what a blank you will make for him?"

Here is a pretty little anecdote of this often disagreeable man, but who seems to have been fond of his wife's favourite:

"As for Mr. Carlyle, my dear, I must confide to you a small domestic passage. He had seemed quite terrified at the idea of being included in anything joyful, and came into my room with evidently something on his mind and said, 'My dear, there is a small favour I want of you. I want you to not let me be asked to Miss Barnes' marriage, for it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I could not go, for it would be the ruin of me for three weeks.'"

This, in answer to a request to act as godmother, shows the influence of early impressions:

"I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the godmotherhood! There seems to me one objection to that, which is a fatal one. I don't belong to the English Church, and the Scotch Church, to which I do belong, recognizes no godfathers or godmothers. I was present at a christening and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work, and they took on themselves, before God and men, very solemn engagements, which, it is to be hoped, they meant to fulfil. I should not have liked to bow and murmur, without meaning to fulfil it according to my best ability. Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby, I who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare?"

Of the year's terrible suffering, a complication of neuralgia and sprain or lacerated sinews, a few pathetic letters are all we have in that time, and it is to these, no doubt, she refers as the letters from Holm Hill left lying about:

"Oh dear, you cannot help me, though you would. Nobody can help me.

Only God, and can I wonder if God take no heed of me when I have all my life taken so little heed of Him."

We pass over her various triumphant dealings with owners of barking dogs, crowing poultry, piano-playing daughters, who had all to be interviewed and cajoled or frightened or bribed into abating the nuisance, so that Carlyle might not be disturbed, so that he might not come in raging and saying he could neither work nor live. These are all narrated graphically, as well as the multitudinous house-cleanings, alterations, dealings with dilatory workmen, etc. Worthy of Johnson's eulogy of Goldsmith's style are these, as such events described by this light and facile pen are made "as fascinating as a Persian tale."

Niagara, Ont.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When life eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.

Light to the shepherds ! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold ;
Light to the wise men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief ;
Light to a world in all its needs ;
The light of life—a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne ;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to his own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now and then,
"Glory, glory unto our God !
Peace and good-will to men ! "

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION—WHAT, AND WHAT NEXT?

BY PROF. GEORGE E. FOSTER, M.P.

THE Temperance Reform is to the front. Fifty years ago it was but a feeling—shadowy, undefined, stirring in the bosom of suffering and anguish. Later on it became an idea, struggling into definiteness, and gradually clearing in outline until it embraced in thought no less than the total purification of individual and State. Now it is an active embodiment, filled with love and energy and wisdom, upheaving the social and political fabric of Anglo-Saxon nations, a growing terror to an unrighteous and crime-stained traffic, a rainbow of hope and promise to the millions who welcome its appearance and await the deliverance it brings.

It has passed that stage in its evolution when men thought of it but to wonder at its folly, that succeeding stage when some were even tempted to aim at it the bitter shafts of sarcasm and ridicule, and that other period when men began to curse it and be angry at it; to-day it is in that last phase of successful reform when the unbelieving and the hostile bend themselves to the final onset with a fearful looking-for of coming confusion and utter defeat.

Like all other tyrannies, the liquor system has gone on despising its youthful antagonist, and resting defiantly upon its strong foundations, laid away back in the centuries, and cemented by long wont and custom. In contemplation of its own hoary antiquity, its universal dominion, its paramount political influence, and its full treasure houses, it waxed exceedingly bold, and laughed to scorn the stripling that came forth to challenge it.

Now, when its outer defences are battered down, its bulwarks crumbling away, and the strong pillars of its inmost citadel swaying in the grasp of this young giant who is planting his feet for the final and victorious tug, it starts up, pale and affrighted, and cries to the four corners of the earth for assistance. In vain. The steady accretion of vital growth and the swift strength of the whirlwind are in its antagonist, which drinks from the fresh spring of truth, and is inspired by the best aspirations of hu-

manity. The shadow moves not backward upon the dial, the purposes of God are never foiled, the process of human advancement cannot be baulked, the Temperance Reform marches straight onward. If the liquor system persists in remaining in the way, so much the worse for the system and its allies.

It is the weakness of this evil that it is blind and deaf. Having eyes it sees not, and having ears it hears not. And so for half a century the shadow of approaching destruction has been creeping upon it, but it saw it not. And the trumpet-note of the final onslaught has been sounding clearer and clearer, but it heard it not. People speak of the temperance warfare. It has scarcely yet begun. These fifty years back have been but years of reconnoitering, of enlistment, of banner-raising and drill, of picket duty and skirmish. The army has been formed, the soldiers been taught, the commissariat supplied, and the artillery and stores brought up. Here and there a crack regiment, gallantly led, has dashed like a whirlwind upon some less strongly protected outpost and carried it amid the cheers of the onlookers, but the main army has not yet moved, is not yet quite ready to move. Moral sentiment, license restrictions, and local option have been but camping places along the march. When the whole army moves to the word of final command, it will be to sweep over the fort crowned by distillery, brewery, and saloon, and to plant the flag of total prohibition above the ruins of all three. There is no doubt about it. The liquor system has not seen or heard the coming advance, but it has been coming all the same, it is now close at hand. Men who are not blinded by interest or prejudice or appetite acknowledge as much; among the wide hosts of the temperance army it has ceased to be a faith, it has grown to be a fact.

The liquor system, as we have said, failed to perceive what has all along been quietly transpiring, and failed most lamentably to measure the forces that have been gradually massing themselves against it. In these years just passed there has been something more going on than initiations into secret societies, than display of regalia, and marching in harmless processions. There has been more at work than was apparent in the temperance meeting, the Band of Hope, and the pledge circulation. These were but a few of the outward and visible signs of the deeper and wider inward and organic changes. Shall

we briefly summarize the results of fifty years of agitation and teaching?

I.—The Defences of the Liquor System have been Gradually Undermined.

That alcohol was indispensable in health and essential in sickness was a cardinal belief a little more than half a century ago. He was a bold man who dared to doubt it; if he carried his doubt into practical repudiation he was looked upon as tempting Providence and courting speedy destruction. To keep the well man well, to prevent his becoming ill, and to cure him when he fell sick, this was the God-given and manifest mission of alcoholic liquors.

Experience, observation, and scientific analysis have battered this bulwark to atoms. To-day no intelligent Anglo-Saxon believes that alcohol is necessary for health, or any more a specific for disease than other drugs prescribed by physicians. The pendulum is swinging to the other side, and the belief is now fast becoming general that he will be the best off and live the longest who utterly shuns strong drink of all kinds. Science teaches that alcohol is no food, no strength, or heat-producer, a poison-enemy to every healthy vital organism, and, when used as a medicine, is to be used cautiously and on careful prescription. The liquor system can no longer defend itself behind the plea that what it makes and deals in is as a beverage necessary or useful to the human race. The best intelligence of the Anglo-Saxon recognizes the now patent fact of the absolute physical and moral danger of moderate drinking, and the certain power of alcohol as a destructive agent.

That alcoholic liquors were a necessary adjunct to social festivity and general good-fellowship was the prevailing impression of fifty years ago. Poets had from time immemorial sung the praises of wine, the banqueting board would have preferred to be bare of viands rather than of liquors, the social gathering shuddered in horror at the mere mention of abstinence, and the home sideboard was graceless without the cut glass and decanter. Births and funerals, marriages and wakes, christenings and inductions, vestry meetings and presbyteries, bees and barn raisings—all lacked the one thing essential if the liquor were absent. Behind this universality of custom, the liquor system stood as the

gracious dispenser, the bountiful provider of the genial, generous, hospitable, time-honoured cup. In this capacity it was contemplated with equanimity, if not with joy, and men forgot to look farther out and deeper down into the long wastes of dreary ruin and poignant pain that lay in its shadow.

But now all this is rapidly vanishing like some ugly dream. Our best poets no longer praise the cup, the social board is more and more breaking from its use, banquets of the best and most representative character are carried out on temperance principles, the home is remarkable which holds the sideboard, and people are born, christened, married, and buried without recourse to the intoxicating bowl.

There is a widespread impression growing into the universal that, for all the true purposes of hospitality and social enjoyment, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging." The hand of the liquor system, as it stretches forth the cup of so-called hospitable cheer, is seen to drip with the blood of the millions it has slain, and men shudder at the sight and draw back in terror and disgust.

Far less than fifty years ago and the liquor system claimed, with scarcely any to dispute its claim, that the manufacture and distribution of liquors constituted a business, legitimately grounded, based on economic principles, and full of trade benefit. To grow grain, gather it, house it, put it through all the various processes, store, transfer and distribute its product,—did not all this employ men, require capital, put money into circulation and form, in short, an enormous industry? To interfere with this would be to limit a blessing, to destroy it would be to bring the whole house of business down about your ears. This was the belief, and its general adoption formed one of the strongest defences of the system.

But a change has come. Keen business intellects have probed the matter to its very centre. Economic principles have been putting it to test and common sense has been emancipated. Now the world is beginning to see more and more clearly that the turning of good food into poison is destructive waste, and that all the labour employed in the process is worse than lost. To employ hundreds of millions of capital, and hundreds of thousands of labourers in making out of harmless and useful food material a product which thereafter uses vast capital and labour

power to distribute it, and which when distributed destroys labour, induces disease, slays hundreds of thousands annually, burdens society with an infinitude of ills, and loads Government with immense taxes, and to call this a profitable industry is to bow down to the brazen image of one of the most lamentable delusions ever set up in the great plain of human folly. They have called it a god, and once men thought it such; to-day the intelligent opinion of Anglo-Saxon countries declares it a clay idol and demands that it be broken in pieces and ground to powder. And this is being rapidly done. All that will be left of it in another decade will be dust and ashes.

II.—The Counter Claims of Humanity have Asserted Themselves?

Already with this rapid undermining of the old time defences of the liquor traffic, and largely contributing to the process, has been the growing demand of humanity for consideration and protection. Humanity is always crying to humanity, man to his fellow-man, and the weaker to the stronger in the same man. Not less surely is this true, than that humanity is always crying towards God. So in the struggle against tyranny, the oppressed appealed to the free, and the free came to their aid in sympathy, in example, in teaching, and in contest. Thus has the circle of liberty ever widened, and the limits of absolutism grown continually narrower. In the long, cruel history of slavery, the chain, the suffering, the cry of the bondsman was always making its plea before the presence of the freeman. And over and again has it been listened to, recognized, and triumphantly vindicated. So in the struggle against the liquor traffic. Humanity, groaning beneath the dread, wide, seemingly all-powerful curse, stretched out its hands to the few who, standing on higher ground, hearkened and heeded. Sympathy paved the way for action. The strong heard the voice of the weak and marched to the rescue. The band, small at first, grew in numbers and influence, and with fearless and persistent courage plead and enforced the rights of humanity to be recognized as against the liquor traffic. Sometimes people talk as if they supposed the conflict was between the liquor traffic and the teetotallers or the liquor traffic and the prohibitionists. This supposition is not a true one. If the contest were narrowed to that there would be little hope for victory. But the battle is fought on wider grounds. It is

humanity against the liquor traffic, and the temperance people are in this matter only the foremost exponents of humanity's claims. And the claims of humanity will undoubtedly prevail. What are they?

The Claim for Freedom.

The liquor traffic is a tyranny, a slave maker and holder on a scale so vast and world-wide that it has never been equalled. Alcoholism is the chain that it binds about its victims—a chain subtle, at first invisible, strong as death and almost unbreakable. Millions upon millions are to-day held in its cruel, relentless bondage. Up from all lands and all sections of all lands comes the cry for release; from children and women who suffer indirectly, from women and men who are bound, driven, impoverished and slain by the monster taskmaster. Watch the slave-gangs in London, in Glasgow, in New York, in Chicago, in Montreal, in Toronto, in Paris, in Berlin, in the Islands of the Pacific, in the cities of India, everywhere;—watch them as they are dragged and driven through the alleys of poverty, crime, insanity and disease; in their hearts the cruel chain, on their backs the cruel burden, behind them innocence and hope, before them despair and death, paying daily tale to their drivers, deaf to all the pleadings of love, blind to all the beckonings of home and friendship; on to the certain goal of ruin and eternal death. And why? That the brewery, the distillery and the saloon slave-power may thrive on the tribute it compels and fatten on the misery it produces. Humanity cried for liberty of choice and action against absolute tyranny and African slavery; its cry was heard and release came. Shall it cry now for release from this million-fold more terrible and grinding slavery, and its voice not be heard? Impossible! The liquor traffic may laugh or weep as it pleases. Before this claim of humanity to be free, it shall be swept clean off from the face of the earth. It may scorn teetotallers, but the majesty and vengeance of God is behind humanity's claim. And the end in this Canada of ours is not far distant. It draweth nigh apace.

The Claim for Security, Happiness and Life.

Who does not know that the liquor traffic menaces all these? How many lives are cut off annually that this traffic may

thrive? Let the scientists of England give us partial answer when they compute that in Great Britain alone one hundred and twenty thousand die yearly through strong drink. Add to that the tale of lives demanded and delivered up in all other lands. Is it not horrible? And each life as it goes out in premature death—be it of infant, of child, of the adult, or the grey-haired—shrieks forth its piteous indictment against the liquor traffic.

How much happiness is denied to, and robbed from, the world through the medium of this traffic! Take one single home which arose in its pleasant place, a very temple consecrated to love and happiness. Watch as the traffic wound its serpent coils about it, as the hearth fire grew dim, as hope fled, as joy took its final departure, and the darkness of despair thickened over the ruins. Can you count the agony, can you reckon the sorrow, can you measure the measureless pain? Then multiply this ruined home by millions, and you have some faint idea as to the capacity of this traffic for slaying human happiness. And as for security. No mother heart shelters in its love the young children of the home, which does not quake with anxious terror at the thought of the saloon. No happy bride forecasts the future years without starting before the possible shadow it may cast. No school lets out the ceaseless, joyous trooping throng but knows that some of the number will yet be stricken and die. No church blesses with loving ministry the willing congregation without seeing the outstretched hand of the traffic waiting to seize one of the number. The densely-crowded masses that fill our cities, the thousands that daily throng our boats and rail-cars, the industries that throb and whirl with busy machinery know not at what ill-fated moment this traffic may send forth one of its crazed, besotted or reckless minions to start conflagrations, to disobey orders, to displace switches, to disregard precautions, and to involve property and life in costly and fatal destruction. From its countless institutions the traffic is daily and nightly sending forth its hordes of the criminal and vicious to prey on society, and keep it constantly on the anxious defensive.

The Claim for the Best Social, Economic, Intellectual and Moral Advance.

The liquor traffic blocks the way of each. The social atmos-

phere is poisoned by it, impurity is bred, honour is slain, the will is weakened, while the rein is laid loose upon every sensual impulse. The individual and the home are alike polluted. The better social forces are kept continually on the defensive, and what should be employed for advance is wasted in staving off retrogression.

Economic progress is hampered and hindered. Every saloon is a centre for idleness-making. Labour that should be employed in honest production is held in sloth or turned to mischief and harm. Industries are clogged and hindered, steadiness and skill are depreciated, non-producers are created to burden the producer, taxes are paid for watching, punishing, and restraining the vicious and criminal products of the traffic, waste and want feed at the tables of honest labour, food is turned into poison by wholesale and the poison destroys the producers of food, health is undermined and life shortened by years which in the aggregate is simply incalculable.

The intellectual and moral progress of the world is blocked by the liquor traffic. Through parents whom it has debauched it sends forth hundreds of thousands of children with dwarfed minds and diseased moral faculties, hundreds of thousands more are irreparably injured by the associations thrown around their early years, millions are deprived of the least semblance of instruction at home, and barred from all approach to the school by the lack of means or lack of desire which the traffic induces, while a vast number who pass through school and church are stolen afterwards and dragged into hopeless bondage. The school and the church have no more relentless enemy to-day than the liquor traffic, nor any more successful in discounting their influences.

If ever humanity is to arrive at its best socially, economically, intellectually, or morally, the liquor traffic must be abolished.

Are these claims of humanity valid? No one doubts it. Must they prevail? Who dares not believe it? These, like the stars in their courses, fight against the liquor traffic. The deep-setting currents of human life and progress sweep against its bulwarks, and these bulwarks shall not stand.

These two ideas—first, that of the gradual and certain undermining of its defences, and second, that of humanity with all its claims being in revolt against it—are precisely the ideas that the

liquor traffic has been unable to grasp. And the embodiment of these two ideas into the accordant action of the world is what is now sweeping, and shall soon wholly finish sweeping, the traffic from its legalised position in this and all other Christian countries.

The question as to how the liquor traffic is to be vanquished and the claims of humanity to be enforced admits of but one answer. The work is to be done on the old lines of moral suasion and legal repression. To the former, which is as old as the world and more powerful than any evil, we strictly and loyally adhere. The private converse of friend with friend, the example of a consistent life, the teaching in the home, the school, and the church, the circulation of the pledge, the distribution of the tract, the wide influence of paper and platform—all these we have used, are now using and must never forget to use. Glib-tongued and thoughtless persons sometimes tell us that we are giving up moral suasion. It is not true. No one of the various methods of moral suasion is less used in this year of grace than in any preceding year in the history of temperance effort, while most of them are being widened and strengthened in a wonderful way. The press and pulpit were never doing as much work in this line, the literature that daily goes out to visit the homes was never so varied and so effective, the meetings held never so numerous, the arguments brought never so practical and strong, and the force of example and wealth of personal effort never so great as to-day. Temperance is being enthroned in our homes, being established in our schools, being taught in our churches, being diffused throughout society as at no previous time. We recognize in moral suasion the right hand of our power. We mean to employ it more and more. But while this is true, we at the same time are determined to join with moral suasion as large a measure of legal repression as we can secure. We do not believe in spending so much effort in making men sober, and then permitting a tippling place on every corner whose sole business it shall be to nullify all this effort. We recognize the fact that temptation and facilities will inevitably draw men into this evil, and it is a sensible and fundamental article of our creed to remove these temptations and repress these facilities to the full extent of all the legal power we can obtain. We believe that home, and school, and church are sacred and beneficent

institutions, and that it is the first duty of citizenship to protect them from the open and destructive warfare of the legalized saloon. We believe that a country's citizenship and resources are too precious to be slain and wasted by a traffic which could not exist but by the sufferance and sanction of the majority of the citizens. And we shall not rest until moral suasion which clears the individual from all complicity with the evil thing, shall be joined in lasting union with that legal suasion which purges the State and society from all like complicity.

On those lines the temperance effort of the past has proceeded; on these it will continue. In Canada license restriction of greater stringency has succeeded to license restriction of less stringency, the Dunkin Act to license restrictions, the Canada Temperance Act to the Dunkin Act, and the next step, the final legal step, shall be to complete total prohibition. While rejoicing in the successive victories of the Canada Temperance Act, and abating no effort to enlarge the area of these victories, we are still asking what shall be the next move. And in answer to that allow me a closing word.

There are three plans which seem to suggest themselves prominently for adoption, and each has its advocates among temperance men.

1. To confine our efforts solely to the field opened before us by the Canada Temperance Act. Have this amended in its provisions and strengthened in its enforcing machinery, and then push its adoption and look after its thorough enforcement. The arguments which favour this course are these: The country is not ready for total prohibition; there are sections of every province, and some provinces themselves in which the sentiment of the people is supposed to be decidedly averse to prohibition; to force on those a measure to which the great majority is opposed is but to invite discord and defeat; therefore, let us confine ourselves to a measure which can go into force only when it gains a majority sentiment, and by a proper and strict enforcement give the very best practical proof of the beneficence and desirability of the larger measure. In local option the great questions of vested interest and national revenue are not met as a whole; the simpler problem of suppressing the tippling shops is solved, and as the area covered grows wider the revenue adapts itself to the gradual diminution, and the vested interests of the manufacturer take

warning and are gradually curtailed. Many men are faithless and unbelieving in the practical working out of prohibitory enactment, and the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act with resultant benefits will prove the most effectual argument to these people. In the local option field we defeat our enemy in detail and unite against us the minimum of opposition; while, on the other hand we are continually educating public sentiment and growing strong for the final struggle. When we have adopted the Act in a very large majority of Canadian constituencies and enforced it with good results, then let us combine our forces and sweep away manufacture and importation.

2. To have the Canada Temperance Act strengthened as in the first plan, to push its adoption as rapidly as possible, and in addition to this make demand upon the Government to enact a total prohibitory law, so soon as the majority of Canadian constituencies have adopted the Local Option Act. The reasons advanced in favour of this plan are as follows:

The Local Option Act is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The manufacture and importation are untouched by it, and the best results cannot be attained while these are allowed. The House of Commons has pledged itself to enact a prohibitory law so soon as the country demands it, and a majority of counties under the Canada Temperance Act is proof sufficient of this demand for total prohibition. Therefore let us poll a majority of the counties for the Act, and then demand of Government to carry out the pledge of the House of Commons.

3. To have the Canada Temperance Act strengthened and adopted as widely and enforced as strictly as possible, and in addition to this to ask Parliament to make provision that at the next general election a "yes" and "no" vote may be taken the Dominion through on the question of total prohibition.

The reasons assigned for the adoption of this plan include all that are urged for the first, and these in addition: The Canada Temperance Act and a total prohibitory enactment are quite different, and involve quite different issues and interests. The majorities in favour of the former are, therefore, no adequate test of the feeling of the people in regard to the latter. On so important a question the whole issue should be faced, and by the whole people, and without the distraction of any

other issue whatever. The gradual work of the Canada Temperance Act, and the three years' canvass of the larger question, will ripen public sentiment and enable us to get a verdict that cannot and will not be questioned. If the people, then, are for us we shall know it, and can safely enact prohibition; if they are against us we shall also know it, and can then either confine ourselves to the measure we already have, or seek such others as may be thought best.

Such, in brief, are the three plans that present themselves, and the chief reasons urged in the behalf of each one. One of these will undoubtedly be chosen, and the most careful, calm, and serious consideration as to which shall be taken is the present duty of temperance men.

For myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I am divided between the first and third, with a strong inclination towards the third. While I yield to none in a strong and earnest desire to complete the fabric of legal prohibition, I am at the same time fully possessed with the conviction that that fabric wisely built is best built, and that it would be in the last degree disastrous did we sacrifice safety to speed in this important matter.

The Canada Temperance Act should be worked for all it is worth, and it is worth more than to serve as a mere index to prohibition sentiment. It can be made to suppress every tippling place in its jurisdiction, and thus demonstrate in the full light of day the power and the practicability of prohibitory legislation. The adoption of any Prohibitory Act is a far easier thing than to enforce it after it is adopted. The history of prohibition bears unmistakable evidence to that fact. And what is equally true is that the country is to be ultimately convinced of the benefit of prohibition by its results and by these alone. The real struggle will develop in bringing forth these beneficial results through the successful enforcement of the law, and in making them so apparent and unimpeachable that they shall carry certain conviction. The critical point in the history of the Canada Temperance Act is to come in each constituency when results are tested. If these results be not satisfactory, sentiment may tide over one repeal vote, but cannot successfully encounter a second. To go into a campaign for entire prohibition, with the results of inadequate enforcement of that Act staring us in the face in every direction, means great odds against us, if not certain defeat.

Therefore I urge, with all possible earnestness, the plea for a concentration of energy and labour upon the perfecting of the Canada Temperance Act in its provisions and enforcing power. To neglect this will be simply disastrous. To-day, with 55 contests in which 47 victories have been gained, with not a single repeal, and with Ontario's large and rapidly increasing majorities, we are in a position to demand and obtain what we consider necessary in way of amendments to the Act. A Parliament which would refuse these would do so at its peril. Let us have these, let us push the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act and look after its rigid enforcement.

But shall we not do something more? and if so, what? I incline to the belief that we should do something more, and that is, to keep the wider question of total prohibition before the people in a pressing, practical way. The alternatives are either to ask the Government of the day, whatever it may be, at the moment a majority of the constituencies of the Dominion have adopted the Canada Temperance Act, to enact total prohibition, or to ask for a "yes" and "no" vote from the people at the next general election. Which shall it be?

Again, I have no hesitation in saying that of the two I prefer the latter, and decidedly prefer it. My reasons are these: Total prohibition when adopted should have behind it unequivocally and certainly a strong majority sentiment. The issue should be presented and met on its full grounds and none other. The voice of all great sections of the country should be heard in the settlement of a question which will intimately affect all great sections. To decide the question of the national prohibition of manufacture, importation and sale of liquors, on narrow and local grounds, would not be to arrive at the wisest, most satisfactory or stable decision...

The Canada Temperance Act vote is not a satisfactory test of national prohibition sentiment. It has in the Maritime Provinces especially been a light vote. To sum up these light majorities would give us no fair approximation to the vast and overwhelming majority which would be brought out by a vote upon the question of total prohibition for the Dominion. And we need, and cannot afford to do without, the moral influence of this overwhelming majority of the whole electorate of these provinces.

Again, the Act purposes simply to suppress tippling shops. It

goes no further. Some vote for it, therefore, who would not vote for total prohibition, while far more either vote against it, or do not vote at all, because, as they say, they want a complete measure and not a partial one. The complete issue placed before the electors would set this right, and prohibition would be enabled to count its full strength.

In some provinces, and in certain important sections of most provinces, the Option Act will not have been attempted, and hence no opportunity will be given to test opinion in these parts; and to be enabled to judge of the comparative strength of parties on even the local measure, and the full opinion upon the full question, is what is desired in the true interests of beneficial prohibition. But, more than all, the Canada Temperance Act raises only partial and local issues. The canvass is conducted mainly upon these, and upon these the ultimate decision is given. But national prohibition deals with one-fifth of our public revenue, with large manufacturing interests, with the question of importation and Government enforcement.

The option contests do not school the people on these points, and before the adoption of prohibition the electorate need to be brought face to face with these serious and important issues, and a steady, firm, settled conviction produced which will afterwards support the continued enforcement of a law which sweeps them all away. The fair, full, pertinent issue is what we wish to settle; let us settle it on fair, full, pertinent grounds, and none other. And for stable settlement the thorough, strong, and intelligent sentiment of the county must be beneath the decision. And, finally, the question of national prohibition should be settled on its own merits, outside of all personal and party considerations. The people should have an opportunity of weighing the matter and deciding it without the introduction of any distracting claims of this man or that party, without a thought of how it may affect one side of politics or the other. "Yes" or "no" to the proposition of prohibiting the liquor traffic is what each elector should be allowed to write on his ballot, not that either party leader may make of the question a tail to his political kite.

This most desirable end, it seems to me, can only be reached by obtaining the consent of Parliament to the taking of a "yes" and "no" vote, and such a vote can be most easily taken at a

general election. That Parliament will do this is but reasonable to expect. Last session, by a vote of one hundred and twenty-two to forty, the House of Commons passed the following resolution :—

That this House is of the opinion that the right and most effectual legislative remedy for the evils of intemperance is be found in the enactment and enforcement of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and that this House is prepared, so soon as public opinion will effectually sustain stringent measures, to promote such legislation so far as the same is within the competency of the Parliament of Canada.

Having affirmed that, let Parliament now give the people an opportunity to voice their sentiments, and upon the whole issue as presented in the resolution. At that same election let the electors in their several parties simply pledge their candidates to carry out the wishes of the country as they shall be expressed. If, then, the country says "yes," the law can be enacted, and will go into effect with the undoubted and clearly expressed will of the people behind it.

Nor will three years at the most be too long to wait. It will be a period not of waiting but of working. To push the adoption of the Act and enforce it, to sow the seed of thought and argument over all this broad country, to discuss in every school district the full, broad question, to prepare sentiment and perfect organization, will fill up all the time and will be imperatively necessary.

I have thus briefly and inadequately given my ideas as to the full import of this present struggle, and what I believe to be the methods that ought to be adopted to bring it to a successful issue. Discussion and suggestion will probably be evoked and, inasmuch as they lead to clearer ideas and better plans, will be most welcome. The coming years are big with opportunity and promiseful of large results ; to the wise in thought and prudent in action they shall present the rich blessings of both.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK *

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

JAN OF THE NORTH.

"YOU'RE wanted at 248, and they said, 'Go quick.' It's Brita, I shouldn't wonder. Lord pity her, but it's a wild night to go out! Seems like as if the Lord would have hard work to find anybody, with the rain an' sleet pourin' an' drivin' so't you can't see a foot before your face. But He will."

* The founder of this remarkable mission—the once notorious thief and jail-bird, "Jerry" McAuley—has recently gone from labour to reward. From a late number of the New York *Observer* we take the following account of his death :—

"The well-known and eminently useful lay city missionary, Jeremiah McAuley, better known to the public by the name of 'Jerry,' died quite suddenly on Thursday last. He has been struggling with the deadly disease, consumption, for several years, and has been obliged to suspend his labours at different times, but his ardent zeal has brought him again and again into the work. He was in our office on Wednesday, speaking of his mission and its success, but the same day he was seized with a severe hemorrhage from the lungs and soon sank down under it. His history has been a remarkable one, and he was truly a trophy of the redeeming and renovating grace of Christ. He came to this city from Ireland when he was thirteen years old. His father had been a counterfeiter, and the son for many years walked in his footsteps. He became a river thief prize-fighter, and was given up to all kinds of wickedness. He was finally arrested for highway robbery and sent to Sing Sing for fifteen years. While in prison through the efforts of a reformed fellow convict, it is said, he became hopefully a changed man. On coming out of prison he had some relapses into his former ways, but he at length took a decided stand as a Christian man and entered upon earnest Christian work in behalf of the class of men with whom he had formerly associated. Through the aid and with the co-operation of some well-known Christian gentlemen of the city, he established the 'Water Street Mission,' which he called 'The Helping Hand for Men,' residing in the building with his wife, holding meetings every night in the main room, which was neatly fitted up for the purpose, and with others faithfully labouring for the salvation of others. The mission was in one of the worst quarters in the city, and opened on a street that was frequented by the roughest and worst characters of both sexes, but the room was crowded with those who night after night turned in to see and hear what was going on, and it became a bethel a house of God—and the birthplace of many precious souls. Jerry McAuley's tender

"Yes, He will," the doctor's quiet voice answered. "Poor little Brita! I am glad her trouble is almost over. Will you come? Remember how dreadful the place is."

"More so for me than for you?"

"Surely, for I have been in the midst of such for twenty years, and among them all have never known a worse den than that in which these poor souls are stranded. If I could only see a way out for them!"

The doctor had not been idle as she spoke, and stood ready now in thick gray waterproof and close bonnet, her face a shade graver than its always steady, gentle calm. Jerry followed, his badge of deputy sheriff hastily put on, for the alley was one of the worst in the Fourth Ward, and well as she was known

and earnest appeals won over to Christ and to the paths of rectitude very many who had long been given up to lives of wickedness.

"More than two years ago, by the assistance of the same Christian friends who had stood by him, he opened the 'Cremorne Mission,' on West 32d street, near Broadway, where he has laboured night and day with great success, enjoying the confidence and support of pastors and their people, and of all who have known him. He was a peculiarly modest, unassuming man, but he was earnest and indefatigable in serving Christ and in saving his fellow-men. In this work he was also greatly assisted by his wife, an excellent Christian woman, and their united efforts were greatly blessed in transforming the neighbourhoods where their mission houses were located.

"Mr. McAuley died peacefully in the presence of his wife, Maria, and a few friends. His last words were: 'It's all right up there,' pointing upwards. His wife said to him just as he died: 'Is Jesus with you, Jerry?' He nodded his head affirmatively and breathed his last.

"The funeral of Jerry McAuley was attended on Sabbath afternoon, September 20th, 1884. The remains were brought from the Mission House in Thirty-second street, and a vast concourse filled the streets after thronging into the Broadway Tabernacle, filling it to its utmost capacity. Probably no funeral of a private citizen ever gathered so many people in this city. The Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., conducted the exercises and made a few remarks. The Rev. Dr. Watkins led the devotions, Mr. Stebbins and the choir sang appropriate hymns, and addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. Dr. Deems, A. S. Hatch, Esq., and Mr. Whittemore. The thousands, including many converts of the Mission, many of the fallen and raised up, hundreds of the poor as well as the rich, all classes and conditions of people passed in sad procession and looked on the face of this miracle of grace, this pardoned convict, redeemed, purified and now crowned with glory. Many wept freely as they looked on the face of the dead and thought what he had done for them. He was but 45 years' old."

through its length and breadth, here the bravest might shrink from going unattended. Out into the night, the wild wind and beating rain seeming best accompaniments to the brutal revelry in the dance-houses and "bucket-shops" all about. Here, one heard the cracked and discordant sounds from the squeaking fiddles or clarionets of the dance music, and there, were shouts and oaths and the crash of glass as a drunken fight went on, undisturbed by policeman and watched with only a languid interest by the crowd of heavy drinkers. Up Cherry Street, past staggering men, and women with the indescribable voice that once heard is never forgotten, all, seemingly regardless of the storm, laughing aloud or shrieking as a sudden gust whirled them on. Then the alley, dark and noisome, the tall tenement houses rising on either side, a wall of pestilence and misery, shutting in only a little deeper misery, a little surer pestilence, to be faced as it might be.

"It's hell on earth," said Jerry as we passed up the stairs, dark and broken, pausing a moment as the sound of a scuffle and a woman's shrill scream came from one of the rooms. "Do you wonder there's murder, an' worse than murder, done in these holes? Oh, what would I give to tumble them, the whole crop of the devil's own homes, straight into the river!"

"Hush," the doctor said. "Stay, Jerry, a few minutes. You may be wanted, but there is not room for all in there."

As she spoke the door had opened, and a tall, gaunt woman in the distinctive Swedish dress stood before us and mutely pointed us in. It was hard to distinguish anything in the dim light of a flickering tallow candle placed in a corner to screen it from the wind, which whistled through cracks and forced the rain through the broken roof. On a pile of rags lay three children, sleeping soundly. By the table sat a heavy figure, the face bowed and hidden in the arms folded upon it, and on the wretched bed lay the wasted figure of the girl whose life was passing in the storm.

"Poor little Brita!" I said again, for as the doctor bent over her and took her hand the eyes opened and a faint smile came to the sweet, child-like face. Long braids of fair hair lay upon the pillow, the eyes were blue and clear, and the face, wearing now the strange gray shadow of death, held a delicate beauty still, that with health and colour would have made one turn to look at

it again wherever encountered. The mother stood silent and despairing at the foot of the bed. The motionless figure at the table did not stir. There was no fire or sign of comfort in the naked room, and but the scantiest of covering on the bed.

The girl looked up faintly and put out her hand. "Pray," she said in a whisper—"pray for the mother;" but even as she spoke she gasped, half rose, then fell back, and was gone, the look of entreaty still in the eyes. The doctor closed them gently, the poor eyes that would never need to beg for help any more, and then the mother, still silent, came softly and touched the girl's face, sinking down then by the side of the bed and stroking the dead hands as if to bring back life.

The man had risen too and came slowly to her side. "I thank God she iss gone from all trouble," he said, "but oh, my doctor, it iss so hard!"

"Hard!" the woman echoed and rose. "I will not hear of God: I hate God. There iss no God, but only a deffil, who does all he vill. Brita is gone, and Lars and little Jan. Now it must be de oders, and den I know vat you call God vill laugh. He vill say, 'Ah, now I haf dem all. De fool fader and de fool moder, dey may live.'"

"Brita! poor Brita!" the man said softly, and added some words in his own tongue. She pushed him away, and then burst into wild weeping and sank down on the floor.

"He will be her best comforter," the doctor said. "We will go now, and I will see them all to-morrow. That money will get the coffin," she added as she laid a bill on the table and then went softly out, "but the coffin would not have been needed if help had come three months ago."

"I thought it was some drunken home," I said, "but that man can never have gone very far wrong. He has a noble head."

"No, it is only hard times," she answered. "Go again, and you will learn the whole story, unless you choose to hear it from me."

"No," I said as we stood under the shelter of the Franklin Square Station on the elevated road, "I will hear it for myself if I can."

The time came sooner than I thought. A month later I went up the dark stairs, whose treacherous places I had learned to

know, and found the room empty of all signs of occupation, though the bed and table still stood there.

"They're gone," a voice called from below. "They've come into luck, Pat says, but I don't know. Anyhow, they turned o' here yesterday, an' left the things there for whoever be wantin' 'em."

"Bad 'cess to the furriner!" said another voice as I passed down. "Comin' here wid his set-up ways, an' schornin' a bit o' dhrink!"

"An' if ye'd take patthern of him yerself—" the woman's voice began, and was silenced by a push back into her room and the loud slam of the door.

"They have come to better times surely," the janitor said as I asked their whereabouts at the mission, "an' here's their new number. It's a quiet decent place, an' he'll have a better soon."

After Cherry and Roosevelt and Water Streets, Madison Street seems another Fifth Avenue. The old New Yorker knows it as the once stately and decorous abode of old Dutch families, a few of whom still cling to the ancient homes, but most of these are now cheap boarding-houses and tenements, while here and there a new genuine tenement-house is sandwiched between the tiled roofs and dormer-windows which still hold suggestions of former better days. The more respectable class of 'longshoremen find quarters here, and some of the mission people, who, well-to-do enough to seek quieter homes, choose to be as near as possible to the work waiting for them, and for more like them, in that nest of evil and outrage and slime, the Fourth Ward.

Brita's head was bowed on the table as I went in, and Jan's face was sorrowful as he looked toward her. "It iss not so alvay," he said. "She hass made it all so good, and now she dinks of Brita, dat vill not see it, and she say still, 'God iss hard to take her avay.'"

"How is it, Jan? Did work come all at once?"

"No, and yet yes. Shall I say it all, my lady?"

"Surely, Jan, if you have time."

"It iss de last day I vill be here in my home all day," he began, drawing one of the children between his knees and holding its hands fondly. "But see on de vall! It iss dat hass done some vork for me."

I looked to where he pointed. On the wall, near the small looking-glass, hung a round cap with hanging fox's tail—such a cap as the half-bloods of our north-western forests wear, and the peasants of the European North as well.

Jan smiled as he saw my puzzled look. "It iss vy I say I vill tell it all," he went on in his grave, steady voice. "Ven I see dat it iss to see de North. For, see, it vas not alvays I am in de city. No. It iss true I am many years in Stockholm, but I am not Swede: I am Finn—yes, true Finn—and know my own tongue vell, and dat iss what some Finns vill neffer do. I haf learn to read Swedish, for I must. Our own tongue iss not for us, but I learn it, and Brita dere, she knows it too. Brita is of Helsinfors, and I am of de country far out, but I come dere vid fur, for I hunt many months each year. Den I know Brita, and ve marry, and I must stay in de city, and I am strong; and first I am porter, but soon dey know I read and can be drusted, and it iss china dat I must put in boxes all day, and I know soon how to touch it so as it neffer breäk.

"But dere is not money. My Brita iss born, and little Jan, and I dink alvay, 'I must haf home vere dey know me more;' and all de days it iss America dat dey say iss home for all, and much money—so much no man can be hungry, and vork iss for all. Brita iss ready, and soon ve come, and all de children glad. Yes, dere are six, and good children dat lofe us, and I say every day, 'Oh, my God, but you are so good! and my life lofes you, for so much good I haf.' Brita too iss happy. She vork hard, but ve do not care, and ve dink, 'Soon ve can rest a little, for it iss not so hard dere as here;' and ve sail to America.

"But, my lady, how iss it it vas all so bad? For vork iss *not*. It is true I haf a little in de beginning. It is three year ago. I know some English I have learn in sailing once to England, for de Finns go efferyvere to sail. I am not helpless so, and I am large and strong, and soon I go to de many, many china-stores—so many, I say, dat can neffer be to vant vork—and in one dey take me. But it is not much money, dough I dink it so, for it iss alvay de rent—so much, and ve are strange and dey cheat us. And ven I am troubled most, and dink to ask for more, den quick it iss dat I haf none. De place iss failed—dat iss vat iss tell me—and I go home to

Brita to say vat shall to do? I could dig, I vould go far off, but I haf not money; but I say, 'Ven I get plenty it shall be ve go to vere earth shall gif us to eat, and not starve us as here.' For soon it is little to eat, and it iss dat ve sell clothes and such as ve must. I get vork—a little on de docks. I unload, and see men dat can steal all from coffee-bags and much sugar, and soon time iss come dat ve are hungry, and men say, 'Steal too. It's hard times and you *haf* to steal.'

"Oh, dere iss one day! It is here now. My little Jan iss dead, and Carl so sick, and all dat he must be vidout enough to eat, and my Brita vill get a dollar and a half a veek to sew and she iss pale and coughs. I pray, 'O God, you know I vill not do wrong, but vat shall I do? Show me how, for I am afraid.' But it vas all dark. I cannot go home, for I haf not money. I cannot vork but one, maybe two, times a veek. And alvays I see my own *hungry!* I dink I could kill myself; but dat helps not, and I go avay, oh, efferyvere about New York, and beg for vork. And den efferyvere it iss said, 'He iss a *tramp*,' and alvays dey tell me, 'No, ve gif not to *tramps*. Go to vere you come from.' I say, 'I am not tramps. My children are hungry. Gif me vork: I vant to eat for dem—not money, but to eat if you vill. Gif me a little vork.'

"I am dirty: Brita iss not dere to haf me clean. I vash as I can, in vater anyvere, but I sleep on de ground. I eat not often. I am vild truly, I know, and soon peoples are afraid. Den, my lady, I haf no more faith. I say, 'God, you haf forgotten me; you haf forgotten what you promise. It may be God iss not anyvere.' So I come back, and I find dat my little Brita is sick—so sick she cannot vork—and Brita my vife, she sew all she can, but it iss not enough. I go on de docks once more. 'No vork! no vork!' It is de word efferyvere. And one day, all de long, ve haf nothing—no fire, nothing to eat, and dere iss no more anything to pawn, and I say, 'At last I vill steal, for vat else shall be to do?' And I go out and down to de dock, for I know a boat going out in de night, and I say, 'I vill go.' But I go down Vater street. I know it not much, for first my home is on de odder side, but ve are so poor at last ve are in Cherry street, and den vere you see us first. But den I am just come and I go by de mission and hear all sing, and I say, 'I vill stay a minute and listen, for soon neffer shall I sit vid any dat sing

and pray and haf to do vid God. So I go in, and listen not much till soon one man stands up, an' he say, 'Friends, I came first from prison, and I meant not efer to do more vat vould take me dere again. But dere is no work, even ven I look all day, and I am hungry; and den I dink to steal again. I vait, because perhaps vork come, but at night I go out and say, "I know my old ground. Dere's plenty ready to welcome if I'm a mind to join 'em." And den, as I go, one says to me, "Come in here;" and I come in and not care, till I hear many tell vat dey vere, and I say, "I will vait a leetle longer: I cannot steal now." And now vork has come, and if God help me I shall never steal again.'

"I stood up den. I said aloud, 'I haf neffer steal. I belief in God, but now how shall I? My heart's dearest, dey starve, dey die before me. Dere is no vork, dere is no help. If I steal not, how shall I do?' I vas crying: I could not see. Then Jerry McAuley came. 'You shall neffer starve,' he said. 'Stay honest, for God *vill* care for you, and ve'll all pray Him to keep you so.'

"And so, when meeting is done, de go vid me to see, and dere is food and all dey can. Dey are God's angels to me and to mine.

"But, my lady, you know; you haf seen my little Brita. And efery day I look at her and see her going avay, so fast, so fast, and my heart breaks, for she iss first of all. And den she iss gone, and still vork iss not. You haf seen us. All de days dey say, 'Dere vill come vork soon,' but it comes not effer. And one morning I look in de chest to see if one thing may still be to pawn, and dere iss only my cap dat I keep—not to vear, no, but only to remember. And I sit, and it iss on my hand, and I hold de fox's tail, and again I am in Finland, and I see de foxes run on de ice, and I know vell dis one dat I hold de tail. Den quick I haf a thought. I look for a stick all about: dere iss but a little for de fire, and no knife, but I get a knife from a man dat iss at de odder room, and cut it and tie it. I vill not tell Brita vat I do, but soon if I ha' de tail vid a handle and I put it inside my coat, and go to a store vere iss a man I haf seen dat vill make many things, and money sometimes.

"'Ha, Jan,' he said ven I show it, 'dis *iss* a notion! I'll gif you ten dollar for dat notion.'

"'No,' I say. 'If you say ten dollar I know it vorth more, for I know vat you can do. But let it be more, and I may sell it.'

"Den he talk. Dere iss risk, he say, and he must spend much money, but he say it will *take*. Oh, I know dat word, and ven he has talked so much at last he say he vill write a paper and gif me one hundred dollar, and make me a foreman ven he shall make dem. For he says, 'It iss vat all ladies vill vant—so soft to make clean in de beautiful cabinet, and de china on de vall so as dey hang it in great houses. Vid its handle for stiffness, den de soft tail vill go efferyvere and neffer break. It is a duster, and best of all duster too, for nothing can effer break.'

"So now he hass rooms—dree rooms—and many people are to take dem, and to-morrow I go to show how one must hold all de tails, and dere is vork, all I can do; and ven money iss come I dink to go avay, but not soon, for I must help some dat haf no help. But oh, I dink of de little ones, and of Brita dat iss gone; and de moder she cannot half rest, for all day she say, 'Vy must it be dey are gone, ven now iss plenty?'—'My God, it iss your vill. And not fery long, and you vill make us a home vid her.' It is all right, my lady."

Jan lingers still in his last quarters. The mission holds him fast, and his grave, steady face is known to many a poor wretch just out of prison—many a tramp who has returned despairing of work and been helped to it by this man, himself a workman, but with a sympathy never failing for any sad soul struggling toward a better life or lost in the despair of waiting. Their name is legion, and their rescue must come from such workers—men who have suffered and know its meaning. Men of this stamp hold the key to a regeneration of the masses, such as organized charities are powerless to effect; and already some who believe in this fact are seeking to make their work easier and to give the substantial aid that it demands. The poor are the best missionaries to the poor, and he who has gone hungry, suffered every pang of poverty and known sharpest temptation to sin can best speak words that will save men and women entering on the same path.

To this end Jan lives—as truly priest to the people as if hands laid upon him had consecrated him to the work, but all unconscious what power it holds to the onlookers, and only sure of the one word, the mission watchword—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

THE NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S FAIR.

THE MAIN BUILDING.

As many Canadians will doubtless wish to visit this Exposition, we have taken a good deal of trouble to obtain the information and illustrative cuts given in the following article. We had the pleasure of visiting the Exhibition Grounds last June. The Main Building, by far the largest ever erected—covering over thirty-one acres—was far on its way toward completion, and everything gave promise of an exceedingly interesting and instructive Exposition. The following information is compiled from the official documents of the Commissioners:

The World's Exposition, in its intent, scope and provision, covers every object on earth having any relation to man's use or interest. The management, under the authority granted, provided for a thoroughly comprehensive Exposition. To encourage exhibits in the various departments, when feasible and appropriate the most liberal premiums in cash and medals are offered. In the Horticultural Department premiums to the amount of $32,000 are offered; in the Department of Agriculture and Live-stock premiums to the amount of $80,000 are offered. For many special exhibits liberal cash premiums will be offered. For general exhibits entered for competition, submitted to international juries, gold, silver and bronze medals, diplomas, certificates of merit and "special mention" will be awarded. The appropriation by the General Government of $1,300,000, the contribution by the citizens of New Orleans of $500,000, and the appropriation by the City of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, each of $100,000, affords an ample fund for the purposes mentioned.

Many circumstances combine to furnish the World's Exposition with numerous attractions. Its location at the City of New Orleans, the gateway to the Gulf and the portal to the great system of interior water navigation, was exceedingly happy and appropriate. New Orleans has rapidly developed her commercial importance—foreign and domestic. Aside from the material claims to general interest, there is a quaintness, a charm and a life peculiar to the old time Latin city, which almost instinctively attracts the stranger and furnishes a valued and gratifying experience. The time is also propitious. At New Orleans, the period is but a springtime—vernal foliage clothes the earth, fragrant flowers give forth their perfume, choice fruits ripen, balmy winds prevail.

The special features of the World's Exposition are so numerous and so striking that it virtually necessitates classing them as general. What are termed "tropical displays" will be special to this Exposition and so extensive as almost to be a leading feature. In fruits, flowers, plants and forestry, in cultivated products, in export woods, in mineralogical samples, in native manufactured products, in rich archeological stores, the exhibits of Mexico, the countries

World's Fair—Buildings and Grounds—New Orleans.

said of the sugar-cane and the rice-plant, the processes of cultivation, of Central and South America and the West Indies will be complete and comprehensive, unitedly composing an extraordinary exposition. The cotton exhibit, from the weed to the fabric, through numerous and wondrous processes, will be an unusual attraction. The same can be harvesting and manufacturing all being practically demonstrated. The electrical display will be complete, demonstrating the wonderful progress in this line in all descriptions of invention and use. The machinery exhibit will be enormous, it will present in detail the culmination of

United States and State Exhibits.

this the greatest of all inventive eras. The developments of the past few years will afford material that will be a source of continual wonderment to the visitor. The exposition of woman's work is a feature exciting earnest consideration. The exhibit will display her work in all the phases of her taste, skill and industry. In all that her hand may do or her taste may influence, evidences will be abundantly present. Another and an equally interesting feature is the department devoted to an exposition of the work and progress of the coloured race. The identification of the coloured race with the material progress and the

The Horticultural Hall.

development of the great natural resources of the South, and the influence of so large a portion of her population upon her prosperity, renders this demonstration of their educational and industrial progress and advancement eminently appropriate. The Board of Management, appreciating the fitness and propriety of such a feature, and to afford every incentive for the fullest and most thorough exposition, has assigned the sum of $50,000 to assist those engaged in the work of preparation. The coloured people have entered into the work with great enthusiasm, and the promises are bright for a most interesting and magnificent display.

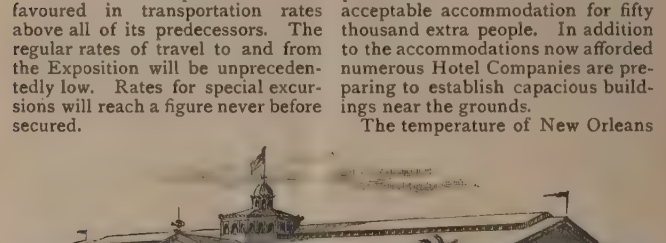
The opportunities for local excur-

sions will be very great. Elegant steamboats ply from New Orleans, penetrating the waters of interminable bayous, bordered with rich canefields and shaded with the live oak, and down the Mississippi into the Gulf to the shores and Keys of Florida, to the coast places of Texas, Mexico, Central America, the Carribean Isles and the West Indies. By rail, the "Land of Flowers" is reached in a few hours, and every prominent Southern point—even to the City of Mexico—becomes conveniently accessible.

The World's Exposition will be favoured in transportation rates above all of its predecessors. The regular rates of travel to and from the Exposition will be unprecedentedly low. Rates for special excursions will reach a figure never before secured.

The Board of Management early realized the importance of the subject and took prompt and effective steps in the matter. All of the accommodation of the city is being listed and classified, its character and rate of charges determined, so that no imposition or extortion can prevail, and the promptest information and assistance will be at all times available to the visitor. In a city of 250,000 inhabitants, in a climate like that of the Crescent City, with houses of more than ample capacity, it will not be impossible to secure comfortable and acceptable accommodation for fifty thousand extra people. In addition to the accommodations now afforded numerous Hotel Companies are preparing to establish capacious buildings near the grounds.

The temperature of New Orleans



The Art Gallery.

from 1st of December to the last of May averages about sixty-five degrees Fahr. The thermometer seldom falls below the freezing point, and then but for a day or two. The weather during this period is almost invariably clear, sunshiny and pleasant. During this period foliage, fields and forests retain their vernal hue, many kinds of fresh vegetables are in season, various kinds of fruit ripen, while the orange and nearly all of the tropical fruits are in their prime.

The City Park—the location of the Exposition—is being most attractively and artistically laid out in walks, bordered with an endless variety of the choicest and rarest shrubbery of tropical growth, and with parterres of beautiful and fragrant flowers. Fountains and miniature lakes will dot the landscape, while the majestic groves of the lordly live-oaks will form a fitting complement to the scene.

The Mexican and New Mexican exhibit will be of special interest. There is to be a beautiful Mexican garden, made up of tropical plants in tanks and pots. In the centre of this garden a Moorish building is being erected, which is octagonal in shape. In the inner court of this structure will be placed a specimen of silver valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. One of the palm trees in the garden required the labour of several hundred natives, to transport.

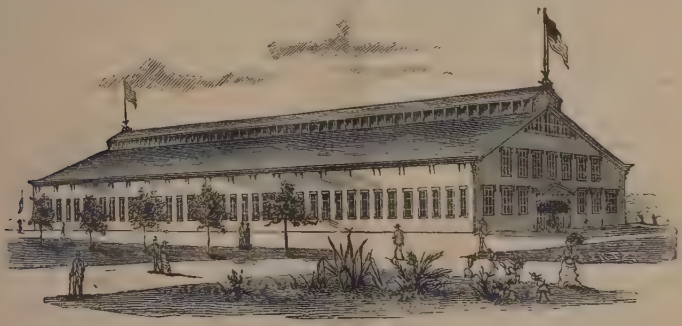
The Main Building is the largest ever erected. It is 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide, without courts, and has a continuous roof composed

largely of glass so arranged as to afford an abundance of light without subjecting the interior to the direct rays of the sun. Within, the view is unobstructed, from one side or corner of the building to its opposite, the interior, showing all the phases of industrial activity. There are no partitions, and the lofty pillars, wide apart, supporting the roof structure, present no impediment to one's vision, but only serve to assist the eye in measuring the vast expanse. The interior is surrounded by wide and spacious galleries, twenty-three feet high, which are reached by twenty elevators having the most approved safety appliances, and by convenient stairways.

The Machinery Department occupies a space of 1,378 feet long by 300 feet wide, within the main building, and has an extension added in iron 350 feet long and 150 feet wide for heavy machinery, described under the heading of Factories and Mills. From the galleries overlooking more than two miles of shafting can be seen driving every known character of machinery.

The Music Hall, with a seating capacity, in commodious chairs, for 11,000 people, a platform capacity for 600 musicians, and a mammoth organ, built to order for the Exposition, occupies the centre of the interior.

The Main Building will contain general exhibits. It is situated (as will be seen by the park plan published herewith) about in the centre of the grounds.



FACTORIES AND MILLS.

The United States and State Exhibits Building is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide. It is one of the largest Exposition buildings ever erected. At the time of the adoption of the plans it was supposed that the Main Building, having the largest capacity of any building heretofore erected, in conjunction with the Horticultural Hall, and such minor outside buildings as were necessary, would afford ample space and accommodation for all exhibits; but the interest in the World's Exposition had become so widespread, and the inquiries and applications of space became so numerous, that the necessity for additional accommodation became imperative, and the management determined upon the erection of this magnificent structure specially for the United States and State exhibits. The Government exhibition will be complete—of itself, almost a mammoth Exposition. Each department will have its distinctive exhibit—the Department of State showing samples of cotton, wool and cosmos fibres, and of the fabrics made from them from all parts of the world. This exhibit will be arranged in continental groups, representing the geographical divisions of the world's commerce, etc. The Post Office Department will exhibit all the improvements in mail facilities, and establish a branch office in the

building for the accommodation of visitors and to show the practical workings of the postal system. The Treasury Department will exhibit coast survey, light housing, life-saving service, customs, internal revenue, engraving, printing, etc. The War Department will show arms, ordnance, engineering, medical, surgical and hospital services, progress in same, etc. The Navy Department will show naval arms, ordnance, projectiles, torpedoes, dynamo electro machines for firing, models of war vessels, ancient and modern, etc. The Interior Department—everything pertaining to the inventions and improvements in American industries and to the history, customs and habits of the aboriginal races, etc. The United States Fishery Commission, the Department of Justice, Bureau of Agriculture, the Bureau of Education, and especially the Smithsonian Institute, will be exhaustively represented. The Government exhibit will vastly exceed that made at Philadelphia. In addition to the Government exhibits, the collective State exhibits and the general educational display will be located in this building. This structure presents a very attractive appearance.

The Horticultural Hall is 600 feet in length and 194 feet wide through its centre. It is the largest conservatory in the world. It is substantially built as a durable structure, becoming, by arrangement with the city, a permanent feature of the Park. It is located on high ground in the midst of live-oak groves. Surmounting the centre is a magnificent tower, 90 feet high, roofed with glass. Beneath this tower, in constant play, is a grand fountain; 20,000 plates of fruit, double the amount ever before displayed at any Exposition, will be shown on tables extending through the hall. Around the hall will be arranged an infinite variety of rare tropical and semi-tropical plants, flowers and shrubbery. There is a tropical hothouse, 250 feet long by 25 feet wide, in which the most delicate flowers from the far South will be nurtured and made to bloom in their most brilliant perfection. Tropical fruits in the various stages of growth will be exhibited. Cash premiums to the amount of $32,000 are offered in this department, and contributions to its exhibits from Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and the different States of the Union will be unprecedentedly large and varied.

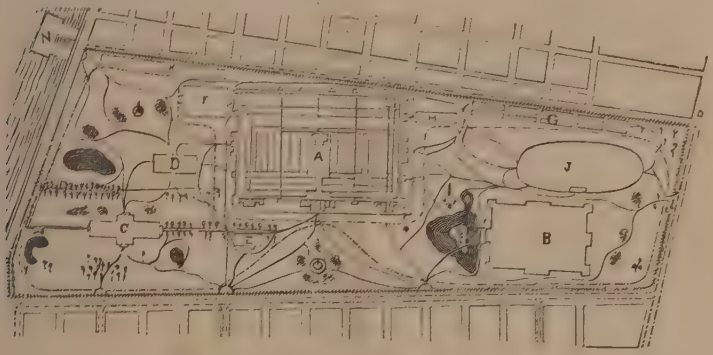
The Art Gallery is 250 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is a structure built of iron. The building is an elegant and artistic structure so arranged for mounting, accessibility and light as to present the best effects, and with ample accommodation for as large a collection as was ever exhibited on this hemisphere. It will be fireproof—even the partitions being of iron.

The Factories and Mills Department is a large iron building, 350 feet long by 120 feet wide. In it will be exhibited cotton in all stages of manipulation from the boll to the bale. The newly-invented "Cotton Pickers," as well as the various and complex machinery for ginning, cleaning, baling, and compressing, will be in constant operation. The supply of field cotton for the purpose will be abundant. In addition to cotton machinery this extension of Machinery Hall will contain the various kinds of machinery used in the rolling of cane and manufacture of sugar, and in the harvesting and milling of rice. Various kinds of factory and mill machinery for wood working, brick and tile making, etc., will be located in this structure. Adjacent to this building there will be a line of sawmills, extending toward the river showing forty saw-mills in motion.

The *Great Eastern* steamship has sailed from England with the British exhibits, and will prove herself one of the attractions of the Exposition.

To reach New Orleans from central Canada, the best route, in the judgment of the present writer, is by the Canada Southern and Michigan Central Railroad to Toledo, thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Drayton Railroad, and Louisville and Nashville Railroad. By the last-mentioned road, which is probably the best equipped in the

entire South, one may pass in a few hours from lands of snow to lands of sun—to the everglades of Florida and the orange groves of the Gulf Coast. Two trains a day of Palace and Sleeping Cars leave Cincinnati *via* Louisville, in the morning and evening respectively, and run through without change to New Orleans in 38 hours. Two daily trains of Palace Cars also run through from Cincinnati *via* Louisville to Jacksonville, Florida, without change, in 42 hours. It is only about 20 hours' ride from Toronto to Cincinnati, which brings New Orleans, or the heart of Florida, within about sixty hours.



THE GROUND PLAN.

A—Main Building.
B—United States and State Exhibits.
C—Horticultural Hall.
D—Mexican Buildings.
E—Art Gallery.
F—Factories and Mills.
G—Live Stock Stables, etc.
H—Restaurants and Refreshments.
I—Grand Fountain, eighty feet high.
J—Live Stock Arena.
K—Saw Mills and Woodworking Machinery.
N—Wharf, Mississippi River.

The grounds embrace the space of 247 acres, bounded on the north side by St. Charles Avenue, on the south by the Mississippi river. The buildings front east towards the main portion of the city. An electric railway encircles the grounds.

The large engraving accompanying this article is a graphic view of the site of the World's Fair. Only that part of the park containing the largest Exposition buildings is shown in this view. The green forests on the opposite bank of the great river, stretching away in the dim distance, add much to the beauty of the scene

The chief natural feature is, of course, the Father of Waters—the Mississippi river. Numerous steamboats may be seen descending the river laden with the rich products of our broad country, gathered along 17,000 miles of navigable streams of water. This mighty river is capable of affording a harbour for the largest ocean vessels, the deepest soundings in front of the city being 200 feet.

In the foreground are seen the arched gates to the Park, newly erected hotels, street cars, carriages and promenaders, the whole forming a map of busy life.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

BY W. H. WITHROW.

BRIGHT flaming torch of everlasting truth,
Flinging its radiance o'er a continent,
Kindling a thousand souls, with ardour pent
In hero-hearts to fire a nation's youth;
Transmit the torch's flame from soul to soul,
Lighting the ages with still brighter glow
Of knowledge, love, and power; still onflow
The pulsing waves of light from pole to pole.
Down the far future, bright succession run
Of loving ministrants to man's soul-needs,
To the last courses of the circling sun;
Add link to link of highest, holiest deeds;
Make glad the earth, make lowly toil sublime,
Make heaven the brighter by the deeds of time.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

The very interesting series of meetings of this alliance is but another of the ever-recurring evidences of the closer coming together in Christian fellowship and Christian work of the various religious denominations of the country. The theological students of Victoria, Queen's, Knox, Trinity, Wickliffe, and the Baptist Colleges were well represented. The inaugural meeting was held in the Metropolitan Church in this city. Dr. Castle, of the Baptist College, delivered a very beautiful and irenical address of welcome. He emphasized the duty of cultivating the spirit of Christian brotherhood and co-operation. He looked forward to the time when not the young men just entering upon the Church, but the fathers, should meet together to discuss the points of difference, and discussing them to come closer together.

The Rev. Dr. Potts, of Montreal, delivered an admirable address, full of fervour and unction, on "The baptism of the Holy Spirit, the need of the Church in relation to Missions."

Subsequent meetings were held at St. Andrews', St. James', and McMaster Hall. At St. James' Bishop Sweatman took part, and brought upon himself the ire of some narrow bigots for thus associating with sectaries; but he has been amply vindicated by the more liberal of his own Church. Canon Dumoulin uttered the following pregnant words:

"When three-fourths of the world were unconverted, for Christians to be trying to find points of difference was madness and folly, if ever such existed. For them to put on their magnifiers and seek to find the distinctions between different parties, at a time when even the Christian world was honey-combed with unbelief, was the very madness of infatuation. The question the world would ask was not how shall we worship God; but, Is there a God? Let them present to the enemy, infidelity, an undivided front."

The Rev. Mr. Campbell, Missionary Secretary of the same Church, said that the two things needed were Christian unity and Christian mis-

sions. One of the great hopes of the age was the tendency of Christians to unite in their work. He was glad, therefore, to see this union of students in theological colleges for missionary purposes. He would be glad to see a missionary conference of all the Churches. They could learn much from each other. The first thing to be done to amend matters was to recognize with all their hearts the unity of the Christian Church and then an honest effort to make that union practical, at any rate so far as the foreign field was concerned. Would it not be better if some concordat could be arranged under which it should be decided which missionary should work in a certain place? The forces of unbelief were organized and drilled as never before, and the question of how unity among Christians could be secured was engaging the best Christian thought of the age. He pleaded with the men before him not to do anything to hinder the bringing about of that unity. As encouraging signs, he noticed the facts that dogmatic differences, to a large extent, disappeared among foreign missionaries, and that the work of spreading Christianity throughout the world had made such great strides in the present century.

These young ministers of the different Churches will in a few years be the men who will largely mould the religious thought and action of the future; and may we not anticipate much more cordial sympathy and much more hearty co-operation between the Churches than we have seen in the past?

An Explanation.

In a late number of the *Andover Review*, in an account of the meeting of the British Association at Montreal, the Rev. Principal Grant wrote thus of a distinguished member of that Association: "The Rev. Dr. Dallinger—whose high authority as a microscopist, and whose brilliancy as a lecturer and experimenter makes all men marvel who reflect that not very many years ago he was an itinerant Methodist minister—spoke thus to the Methodist professors and preachers in Wesley Hall." Here follow two extracts from his address, which we need not give. The phrase above quoted has been criticised as implying that it was a "marvel" that "Dr. Dallinger, the eminent scientist, was, not long ago, so low in the scale of being as to be an itinerant Methodist minister."

We have the authority of Dr. Grant for stating that not only was there no intention to say anything in the least offensive with reference to Dr. Dallinger, but his intention was to express for him the highest admiration; that, in fact, the words to which exception was taken were the exact words used by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, President of the Montreal Methodist College, to Dr. Grant, when he (Dr. Grant) was expressing his admiration of Dr. Dallinger; that the point to be marvelled at was that Dr. Dallinger had been an *itinerating* minister, for such itinerating would be considered by almost everyone wholly incompatible with the work of a microscopist, which requires instruments fixed in the same place, and close observations continued for years. Since Dr. Dallinger's appointment a few years ago to his present position of Governor of Wesley College, Sheffield, Dr. Grant does not regard him as an *itinerant* minister in the same sense as his brethren who are subject to removal every two or three years. Hence his reference to the itinerancy in the passage above quoted. Dr. Grant has occupied with great acceptance some of the most prominent pulpits of Canadian Methodism; his Christian courtesy is known in all the Churches, and he is incapable of sneering at the Methodists any more than Dr. Douglas, whose very words he used. The London *Watchman*, the leading organ of British Methodism, quotes this very passage and its context, finding therein no ground for complaint, but on the contrary, ground for cordial approval.

To Our Patrons.

We beg to request the attention

of the readers of this MAGAZINE to the announcement in our advertising pages. It will commend itself, we are sure, to their approval and patronage. The past year has been very successful. We have had valuable contributions from some of the foremost men of our own and other Churches, and the MAGAZINE has received, as never before, the hearty commendation of the religious and secular press at home and abroad. Next year's volumes will be, we are confident, of still greater interest and importance. A few, a very few, of the writers who last year kindly promised contributions have been unable as yet to fulfil their pledges. These may be expected to enrich the pages of the forthcoming volumes, together with the distinguished staff of contributors we announce. We urgently request the kind co-operation of our friends to largely increase our circulation for the coming year. Please promptly renew your own subscription, and show your MAGAZINE to some friend or neighbour and endeavour to secure also his. As a result of Methodist union, we anticipate a very large addition to our list from all sections of our united Church. Our chief dependence is upon our ministerial brethren, to whose aid the success of this MAGAZINE in the past is so conspicuously due. Our lay friends will greatly help them by handing them their subscriptions at as early a date as possible.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society was organized in its present form in Leeds, seventy-three years ago. For several years past the missionary campaign has been commenced in this good old Yorkshire town. The anniversary for this year has just been held and the result of the Sabbath services, public breakfast, ladies' bazaar, and missionary meetings exceeded $7,707 !

The anual meeting of the London Districts was recently held in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. One pleasing feature of the meeting was the singing, which was conducted by a choir from the Metropolitan Sunday-schools, containing seven hundred voices. The meeting was a grand success.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., one of the Missionary Secretaries, has gone on an official visit to the missions in India and China. This is the fourth visit he has made to those missions.

The Fernley Lecture delivered during the late Conference was on "The Universal Mission of the Church," by the Rev. Benjamin Hellier, theological tutor in Headingly College. One of his daughters has just sailed to India as a lady missionary. Her father states that "she is the largest contribution which he has given to missions."

Evangelistic services are held in many parts of England by the Conference evangelists. These ministers remain eight or ten days at places and hold two services each day, and three or four on Sabbath. Singing and visiting bands are organized, and usually a great amount of good is done. The Rev. George Beebee and wife held a revival mission in Norwich for eight days. Before the evening services a singing band paraded the streets and at intervals various passages of Scripture were repeated and invitations given to attend the services. Select meetings were held both for men and women respectively, at

some of which eight hundred persons were present. The mission resulted in great good.

The Rev. H. P. Hughes is stationed in one of the London circuits this year, and he proposes to hold a series of eight days' missions at different places in his circuit, for which special organization has been made. He wants His people to build mission-halls to hold one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons each, which he feels confident would be productive of great good, as they would gather many poor people into the Church, and also give employment to the local-preachers and young men.

It is proposed to erect a Memorial Church in Ireland to the memory of Dr. Adam Clarke, the cost to be $10,000. The Rev. Dr. Kerr thinks he can beg the amount in Canada.

It is proposed by the United Methodist Free Church to build a church at Wirksworth in memory of "Dinah and Adam Bede."

Methodist New Connexion.

Hanley District, Staffordshire, contains three thousand and twenty-eight members, with fifty churches; ten thousand two hundred and ninety Sunday-school scholars, and fifteen ministers. A convention was recently held, at which the following subjects were discussed:—Aggressive Denominationalism," "Intermediary Classes," "Recreations," "Why are we Dissenters?"

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, Editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, has just returned from a tour in the Old World, and has written some graphic letters respecting his trip. His account of travelling to the Norway Conference is unique. The members went by steamboat, and at every place where the vessel stopped additional members got on board, and services were held at the wharfs while the boat waited. Sometimes the boat had to remain some hours; in such cases the bishop and the ministers went on shore and held services in the Methodist churches.

The Five Points' Mission, New York, served during last year ninety-nine thousand two hundred dinners to needy people, and sent three hundred and fifteen children into the country. The receipts in cash and goods were $42,617.28. Religious services are held daily through the whole year.

The Methodist Church.

The Central Board of Missions held its annual meeting in Kingston, Ont. Dr. Rice, the senior General Superintendent, and the venerable Dr. Wood, Honorary Secretary, were not able to be present. Dr. Carman, the associate General Superintendent, presided. A vast amount of important business was transacted. The appropriations to domestic missions were made on the following basis: for married men, $750; $400 for ordained single men; $350 for single unordained men. Those in Manitoba to receive $50 additional. In cities the basis was fixed at $900. It is expected that about seventy per cent. of the appropriations will be paid. No domestic mission can receive any aid which pays its minister $600 per year. Mission rooms are to be erected on Metropolitan Square provided that the ordinary income is not trenched upon, and that the cost does not exceed $25,000. Owing to the failure of the fisheries in Newfoundland, a special grant was made to that Conference.

The *Missionary Outlook* is henceforth to be the official organ of the Society; a free copy is to be sent to every minister, who is requested to solicit subscribers among his people.

The gross sum appropriated to the missions at home and abroad, including all the expenses of the Board, is $195,000, which should not be considered too much for the united Church to raise. Some think that the minimum amount aimed at should be a quarter of a million.

Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., will visit Canada early in 1885, and the Rev. Dr. Meacham was appointed a missionary deputation to the Maritime Provinces.

BOOK NOTICES.

Selections from the Poetical Works of ROBERT BROWNING. From the sixth London ed. Sq. 8vo., full gilt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price $2.50.

Robert Browning is unquestionably the greatest dramatic genius who has used the English language since Shakespeare's day. We do not now refer to his noble tragedies, but to the manner in which, even in his lyrical and narrative poems, he projects himself into the character he portrays. In "The Ring and the Book," for instance, the same story is told twelve times over, the poet identifying himself successively with each of the twelve narrators—the interest of the story cumulating through the two large volumes. In "Caliban upon Setebos," he hides, as it were, within the brute brain of the monster, and finds words for his struggling thoughts—the most extraordinary psychological feat we know in literature. So also in "A Spanish Cloister," it is a bigoted mediæval monk we hear. In "The Heretic's Tragedy," it is the Canon of Ypres who exults over the burning of Jacques du Bourg-Molay, in 1314. In "Holy-Cross Day," it is the biting remonstrance of a Jew driven at spear-point to church, at Rome. In "Cleon," the Greek poet quoted by St. Paul disputes about and rejects the doctrine of the resurrection,

"Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew
Hath access to a secret shut from us."

One of the most remarkable of these poems is "The Epistle of Karshish," the Arab physician, who recounts the story as told him by Lazarus of his resurrection from the dead—derides and scoffs at it, yet ever returns with strange fascination to the wondrous tale. No less remarkable are Bishop Blougram's Apology, Mr. Sludge the Medium, Rabbi Ben Ezra, The Bishop Orders his Tomb, Death in the Desert, In a Balcony, The Flight of the Duchess, Waring, King Saul, and many others. The poet's love of the art is strikingly shown in Fra Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Pictor Ignotus, and Old Pictures in Florence.

Here, too, are all the old favourites—the short lyrics by which Browning is so well known—Count Gismond, Evelyn Hope, Hervé Riel, The Glove, the rattling Cavalier Songs, etc. Browning deters many from studying his poems—for they will well repay not merely reading but close study—by the strange titles he gives them—Sibrandus, Schafnaburgensis, Numpholeptos, Cenciaja, and the like. In Sordello and Paracelsus it is often extremely difficult to get at his meaning. His works are so voluminous, and some of them such hard reading, that a volume like this, giving the very cream of his writings, his best and most famous lyrical, dramatic, and narrative poems, is a welcome boon. This is the author's own selection, and is presented by the publishers in a very elegant edition with portrait, uniform with their illustrated series of the poets.

Laudes Domini: Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern. Edited by Dr. C. S. ROBINSON. pp. 520. New York: The Century Co.

Dr. C. S. Robinson has been singularly successful as an editor of Hymn and Tune Books for the Church and Sunday-school. It is estimated that more than a million of his hymnals have found their way into the churches. The collection under notice has been in preparation for several years. It will be found, as its name implies, specially rich in hymns of praise to Christ our Lord, numbering 200 in all. A large selection from the great wealth of newer hymns and modern American, English, and German choral music has been included with the best of

the old and familiar hymns and standard tunes in common use. The book contains 1,168 hymns with several chants, and nearly 650 musical selections. All, or nearly all, the great musical composers are represented, including among others, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach, Gounod, Handel, Haydn, Da Costa, Spohr, Rossini, Cherubini, Barnby, Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven, S. G. Wesley and Arthur Sullivan. Over 300 hymn writers are represented; but, of course, the old favourites, Wesley, Watts, Montgomery, Newton, Doddridge, Heber, Bonar, Neal, Havergal, and Palmer, make up the greater part of the collection. Dr. Robinson's good taste is exhibited in the judicious selection and careful editing.

The book is beautifully printed on thin paper of superior quality (so as to be light in the hand) and is elegantly bound in full dark red leather, with terra-cotta edges, and semi-flexible covers with round corners.

The price at retail is $2.50; a single specimen copy will be sent, postage paid, for $2.

Laudent Omnes. By Rev. JOHN E. TODD, D.D., and Professor W. E. CHANDLER. Pp. 78. Boston: Russell Bros. Price 30 cents.

This book cannot, of course, claim the comprehensive character or mechanical excellence of manufacture of that above mentioned. It is a compendious collection. There are over two hundred hymns and nearly one hundred tunes. The tunes are all solid and choral in character, most of them being familiar and of tried excellence. The multiplication of such books in the churches will greatly promote the efficiency of a most important part of public worship. The book is printed in large, clear type, and bound in flexible cloth covers. We think it would be an improvement in the case of both of these books if English instead of Latin names had been used.

The Outskirts of Physical Science—Essays Philosophical and Religious. By T. NELSON DALE, Acting Principal and Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at Norwood College, Toronto; author of "A Study of the Rhaetic Strata of the Val di Ledro in the Southern Tyrol, etc."

It was long ago said, "the undevout astronomer is mad." It is becoming more and more fully felt that profound acquaintance with any department of science tends to strengthen, not weaken, the foundations of Christian faith. Professor Dale's previous scientific works have won him wide recognition, and membership in the Imperial Geological Institution of Vienna. It is a sign of the times when, by such an authority in science, such lay sermons as these are written in defence of Christian theism. The subjects of the essays are as follows: The Harmony between Christian Faith and Physical Science; Scientific Studies, their place and use in Education; On the Interpretation of the First Chapter of Genesis; The Vital Questions in the Conflict between Religious and Physical Science. We have been struck with the reverent and religious spirit of these essays, no less than with that scientific method, accuracy of thought and expression and cogency of reasoning. The latest results of German discovery and study are given in these essays in a very lucid and forceful manner.

We shall hear from Prof. Dale in future numbers of this MAGAZINE. Norwood College is to be congratulated on securing the services of so accomplished a Christian scientist.

La Vérité sur les Biens de la Propagande avec Pièces Justificatives. Par A. ALEXANDRE NOBILE, Ph. B., Professeur des Langues Italienne et Française à l'Ecole de Norwood, Toronto.

Professor Nobile, although an Italian, and graduate of the ancient university of Pisa, is a staunch anti-Papist and a staunch patriot. A soldier under Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, he strongly resents an attack upon the present Italian admin-

istration. When, therefore, Vicar-General Hamel of Laval University, and Judge Tessier accused the Government of Victor Emanuel of spoliation of the estates of the Propaganda, he comes valiantly to the defence, and by cogent demontration — *Pièces Justificatives*—maintains his contention for the equity of the legislation on the subject. It is very lively reading for a Protestant. Whether the Vicar-General and the Judge enjoyed it is another question. Signor Nobile's facility in the use of both French and Spanish, as well as his position as official Italian interpreter at the court of the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is evidence of high qualifications for the professorship of those languages at Norwood College.

The Art Year-Book of American Art, 1884. Prepared and published by the New England Institute, Boston, Mass. 4to. Price $4.

The Art Year-Book for 1883, we thought the *ne plus ultra* of artistic printing and illustration, but this sumptuous quarto fairly surpasses it. In its vellum-like binding, its elegant illumination, its varied style of illustration, its quaint marginal figures, it is a unique specimen of book making. It contains, beside an Art Catalogue of the New England Institute, much information about artists and art processes. Its most remarkable feature is the variety of those processes illustrated in the reproductions of the book. It gives specimens of etching, steel engraving, wood engraving, the auto-type, the helio-type, photo-type, lithography, photo-engraving, and zinc etching. It is printed to suit the various reproductions, on the paper generally used in art printing, embracing, in the limited editions, Chinese, Japanese, and India proof papers. The plates have been destroyed, so the book is sure to be soon at a premium. Mr. John Mason Little, the Vice-President of the Institute, is to be congratulated on the production of a work which makes a landmark in the history of American Art.

More Bits from Blinkbonny. By JOHN STRATHESK. pp, 300. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Andrews & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The success of "Bits from Blinkbony" has been phenomenal. It has reached a sale of 7,000 in Scotland, been reprinted in the United States, and translated into French. It is now offered the Canadian public as a premium with this MAGAZINE, post free, at the nominal price of 40 cents —which is below cost. The success of that book has led its author to give us another volume of racy sketches of Scottish life and character, ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a sturdy, honest, God-fearing race that is here depicted — not without its pawky humour—with much canny shrewdness, with depth of pathos, with strong religious and political convictions. The book is good for several laughs, and we think for a few tears. The death of godly Adam Rankin will touch the heart. The humours of the fairs and markets, the general election, the "gas question," and the tailors of Gibbiesbrae will provoke many a smile. Elder George Brown is a heroic character. The book has six lithographic illustrations.

The American System of Electric Lighting — Progress of Electric Science. 8vo., pp. 120. Boston: Am. Electric Co. Price 25c.

This pamphlet gives an account of the recent development of electrical science, especially as applied to electric lighting, sufficiently full to satisfy any but the professional reader. It has several illustrative engravings. The subject is one of almost universal interest.

The Atlantic Monthly, with its December number, completes its 55th volume. As it is one of the oldest it is one of the best of the American Monthlies. Relying exclusively for success on its literary merit without the attractions of illustrations, it maintains, we think, a higher standard than any other.